

READ THE DAILY BARGAINS ON PAGE 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 21.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1903.

One Penny.

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The FINEST TONIC and Restorative in the World.

Over 6,000 Testimonials received from
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(Please mention this paper.)

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THE NEW LINEN STOCK COLLARS, on White or Pale Shades, embroidered ribbons, tiny flowers, etc., or conventional designs, from 6/- to 8/-

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Try a packet with an ordinary meal.

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Grand Display of Silks, Satins, Transparent Silk Gauzes, Crepes, and Silks, Dress Materials, Lace Goods, Sequins and Lace Robes, Blouses, Sc., Sc., for Evening Wear. Great Variety of Goods suitable for Useful Presents. A Lot of Cheap Warm Materials suitable for Charities.

LIGHT SILKS FOR EVENING WEAR.—We are making the best show we have ever made in all classes of goods. Sale prices: 6/-, 8/-, 9/-, 10/-, 10/-, 12/-, 1/-, 1/2/-, 1/4/-, 1/6/-, 1/7/-, 1/9/-, 1/11/-, 1/12/-, and upwards per yard.

SILK CHIFFON, double widths, in White, Cream, and Light Evening Colours, only 6/-.

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MUSLINS, CHIFFONNETTE LAUNNS, CRISSOLINE MUSLINS, etc., for EVENING WEAR, very cheap.

LADIES' EVENING SKIRTS, OPERA CAPES, CLOAKS, etc., etc. AT SPECIAL SALE PRICES.

ACCORDION-PLEATED NUSS VEILING ROBES, 12/-, 14/-, and 16/- the Robe.

LADIES' JAPANESE SILK ROBES FOR EVENING WEAR, from 2/- each.

WHITE FOXALINE FUR NECKLETS.—Special sale prices: 4/-, 5/-, 9/-, 11/-, 12/-, and 16/- Muffs to match, 6/-, 8/-, 10/-.

LADIES' SHIRTS and BLOUSES.—A very large variety in prices ranging from 2/- to 2 guineas.

HANDMADE BLACK SEQUIN LACE ROBES from 25/- each.

FEATHER STOLES in a great variety from 7/- to 2 guineas.

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Linens Drapers to His MAJESTY.

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The CONNOISSEUR

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A BULWARK AGAINST
INFLUENZA.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: North-westerly breezes; fair and rather cold; frost inland.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.49.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel and North Sea, moderate to smooth; Irish Channel, moderate.

The Daily Mirror.

329th Day of Year.

Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1903.

36 days to Dec. 31.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The Court Circular was not issued last night.

Sir John Blundell Maple died early yesterday morning.—See page 9.

Lord Stanley, Postmaster-General, in a letter to a correspondent, says there is at present no prospect of the rate for telegrams throughout Europe being reduced to one penny per word.

Mr. Smith Bosanquet, Master of the Cambridgeshire Hounds, has had his collar bone fractured in a hunting accident.

Lady Thompson will shortly leave England for Monastir, where she will assist in the distribution of the Macedonian Relief Fund.

The King of Italy, through the Italian Ambassador, has conferred upon Sir Charles Owens, general manager of the London and South-Western Railway, the distinction of Knight Officer of the Order of the Royal Crown of Italy.

Fleet-Surgeon Gilbert Kirker has died at Haslar Hospital of blood poisoning, contracted while performing an operation.

The creditors of the British America Corporation, Ltd., one of the Whitaker-Wright group of companies, are to receive a further interim dividend of sixpence in the pound.

By a large majority the Northumberland Miners' Council at Newcastle-on-Tyne yesterday rejected a proposal to join the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

An old lady named Chadwick has died at Dover from heart failure accelerated by excessive tea-drinking.

The Treasury has refused the request of a deputation to arrange for the payment at any post office in England and Wales of cheques for small amounts drawn by any county council.

Social.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present last evening at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and witnessed the performance of "The School Girl."

The death took place at Fulham yesterday, from bronchitis, of the Countess of Euston, who was formerly Kate Cooke, a music-hall actress. She had been long separated from her husband, who is the Duke of Grafton's heir.

Sir William Preece, having been advised to spend the winter in Egypt, in order to complete his recovery, has left London with the Misses Preece for Cairo.

The funeral of the late Right Hon. C. Seale-Hayne, M.P., will take place on Friday afternoon at Kensal Green Cemetery.

The object of the visit to this country of the Brazilian officers who were received by the King on Monday was to thank His Majesty for the visit paid to Brazil by a division of the British Navy.

The young Mayor of Brighton, Mrs. Emile Marx, held her first reception yesterday, four hundred and thirty persons attending.

Political.

The Duke of Devonshire, supported by several peers and M.P.s, delivered, in the Queen's Hall, a speech of determined opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals.—See page 4.

The Cabinet Council which the Prime Minister has summoned is to be held at the Foreign Office at noon on Friday next.

Lord Lamington, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Northcote as Governor of Bombay, will leave London to-morrow morning by the P. & O. express.

Sir Edward Clarke, in connection with his candidature for Brighton, will address a meeting at Hove to-morrow.

Mr. A. E. Woodley Mason, the novelist, was yesterday selected as Liberal candidate for Coventry.

At a crowded meeting of women at Newbury, yesterday, a resolution condemning Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals was carried by a large majority.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., left Charing Cross yesterday for the Continent to take the holiday which he declared in a recent letter he so much needs.

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Barnstaple yesterday, asserted that our trade was not sickly, and Mr. Chamberlain had attempted to prove, and no remedy for defects was to be found in a frothy defiance of foreign competitors.

At a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party yesterday, at Dublin, a resolution was passed regretting Mr. William O'Brien's intention to retire from the House of Commons,

Colonial.

Sir George and Lady Clarke sailed yesterday from Melbourne for England in the Orient.

Cricket results from Australia have come over a cable route 15,000 miles long in eleven minutes.

Two columns of cavalry are being held in readiness at the Cape to proceed to Damara-land in case of trouble with the Hottentots.

The New Zealand Parliament has been prorogued, the session having been the longest on record.

Foreign.

It is semi-officially stated that nothing has been decided concerning the German Emperor's visit to the South of Europe. The visit will probably depend on the nature of the weather.

The French Chamber yesterday refused by 324 votes to 231 to abolish the French Embassy at the Vatican.

The steam yacht Draga, the property of the heirs of the murdered King and Queen of Servia, will be sold by public auction on January 2. Bidding will commence at £1,600.

Four hundred English Roman Catholic pilgrims were received by the Pope yesterday.

The German Reichstag has been summoned to meet on December 3.

The manager of a humorous journal has been arrested at Athens for publishing an unflattering caricature of King George.

German naval expenditure for 1904 is estimated at £4,991,361 in the recently issued Budget Bill.

A great sensation has been caused at Milan by the arrest of Signor De Medici, who owns the largest wax match factory in Italy. He is under suspicion (according to reports sent by Laffan) of having poisoned his wife.

The United States War Department is engaged in making arrangements for the most elaborate army manoeuvres that have ever taken place in that country. Over 150,000 troops are to be mobilised.

Mademoiselle C. Deflandre was yesterday admitted as a Doctor of Science with high honours at the Faculté des Sciences de Paris. She is the fourth Frenchwoman who has taken this degree.

During the hearing of an application for the appointment of a permanent receiver for the United States Shipbuilding Company, New York yesterday, says Reuter's correspondent, Mr. Charles Schwab was directly accused of attempting to bribe and corrupt Mr. Nixon, president of the company.

Law and Police Courts.

Mr. Justice Walton decided yesterday that the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company was not liable for the loss of a valuable collie dog which fell overboard at sea.

William Brown and John Dunbar, privates in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Thomas Cowdry, a labourer, were indicted at the Hants Assizes yesterday for the murder of Hester Atkins at Aldershot on October 6. The hearing will be resumed to-day.

Mr. Reid, the editor of the "Meat Trades' Journal," was yesterday fined £20 at the King's Bench Division for contempt of court in commenting on the case of a sanitary inspector who was charged with demanding money by menaces from a restaurant keeper.

Mrs. Hooley has been defeated in her action against Mr. Fredk. Handel Booth, of Manchester, to recover £2,800, the balance of the price of 30,000 shares in the Sapphire Corundum Company. The Judge, in his charge to the jury, spoke very seriously of Mr. Hooley's conduct.

At Waltham Abbey Police Court yesterday Wm. Freeman Estwick, of the Lathers, Sewardstone, was committed for trial charged with wounding his groom by shooting.

Dillon Willoughby, an agent, was committed for trial at Bow-street yesterday, charged with stealing £169, part payment for a motor-car, from Clem Jenkins, an American jockey.

Legal argument was concluded yesterday in Lady Violet Beauchamp's appeal case in the Supreme Court against a receiving order, judgment being reserved.

At Cupar, N.B., yesterday, Terson Arthur Nesbit, the boy who ran away to London with his sweetheart, was bound over to be of good behaviour for six months.

A license to permit Iris Hawkins, aged 103 years, to take part in "The Cricket on the Hearth," at the Garrick Theatre, was granted yesterday at Marlborough-street.

At a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party yesterday, at Dublin, a resolution was passed regretting Mr. William O'Brien's intention to retire from the House of Commons,

ARMED MADMAN.

Attacks the Secretary of the Bank of England.

EXCITING CAPTURE.

The Bank's Fire Hose Employed to Effect His Arrest.

Readers of the "Yellow Book" and frequenters of the literary clubs of the 'nineties will remember a Mr. Kenneth Grahame, whose handsome military presence contrasted so effectively with the more ascetic features of his cousin, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the novelist and playwright.

For a time, too, Mr. Kenneth Grahame enjoyed a certain limited popularity that was practically unlimited in the United States. He was the author of "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days," two delightful volumes that dealt with the adventures of a brood of boys and girls given over to the unsympathetic guardianship of various acidulated relatives.

But "The Golden Age" and even the "Yellow Book" passed away, and Mr. Kenneth Grahame, already a high official in the Bank of England, became secretary to that world-famous institution. Yesterday a demented miscreant attempted his life. Truth, it appears, is truly and veritably more strange than fiction; for neither Mr. Kenneth Grahame nor his cousin, Mr. Anthony Hope, have ever designed a scene more serio-comic and charged with pistol-shooting than that which occurred in Threadneedle-street yesterday morning, in which Mr. Kenneth Grahame took so prominent a part.

The Madman Fires.

At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a well-dressed man of medium height, and wearing a slight moustache, entered the Bank and inquired for the secretary's office. His name, it appears, was Robinson; and Robinson was some thirty years of age.

The polite officials, finding nothing to cajol at his appearance, gave him the required information, and he passed along the corridor unchallenged.

He found Mr. Grahame in his office, discussing the affairs of the Bank with one or two other colleagues, and Mr. Grahame inquired his business. For answer, Robinson whipped out a six-shooter, uttered some incoherent remarks in a thick voice, and fired point-blank at Mr. Grahame.

So surprised were the little group upon which Robinson had intruded that, before they had recovered sufficiently to take any determined action, the lunatic had followed up his first shot with three or four more. Fortunately he aimed at random, doing no harm to anything save the office furniture and walls.

Mr. Grahame and his friends, grasping the situation, now took to their heels, leaving the stranger in possession.

Robinson now had one wing of the Bank to himself. Holding the smoking revolver in his hand, he proceeded on a tour of examination, and at last took up his quarters in the Directors' Library, a spacious apartment that was evidently very much to his taste.

Cornered in the Library.

Luckily this room was empty. He made himself at home in it, and it was here that he was entrapped. For by now the story of his visit had got abroad, and Mr. Grahame, summing up help, had skilfully concealed his party in the corridor, from which vantage ground he managed to secure the library door and turn the key in it; which, fortunately, happened to be on the right side.

The knot of men that had assembled outside the door were then joined by the two detectives who are permanently on duty at the Bank of England. A couple of City constables were also called in, and a council of war was then held to discuss ways and means of securing the armed madman in the library.

The best solution of the problem appeared to lay in an application of the cold water cure. The Bank fire hose was in excellent working order, and it was proposed to first daze the man by turning this powerful hose upon him and then to rush in and capture him before he could offer any resistance.

But first of all the door had to be opened. Very gingerly the handle was turned and the nozzle of the hose pointed towards the gap. It was then seen that Robinson was seated easily astride the corner of a desk,

swinging his legs, and holding the revolver in front of him and level with the door.

The Capture.

The attacking party did not wait for him to fire. In an instant the stream of water was extinguishing him; it beat him back; it routed him and filled him with confused and sputtering amazement. For a moment he rallied, escaping the line of that astounding hose; but again it caught him in the chest, at close quarters, too; and a blow over the head from a well-swinged chair finished the assault. Robinson was taken.

On the floor, with two men kneeling on his chest, he struggled violently. A second blow on the head quieted him for a time. He was then handcuffed and strapped. A stretcher was found for him, and on it he made an ignominious exit to Cloak-pole station.

Here he lay unconscious for several hours, and it was then discovered that in the struggle and subsequently his scalp had suffered considerable damage.

During the afternoon he came to his senses, and was thereupon charged with attempted murder. Dr. Griffiths, the police surgeon, reporting on the prisoner, expressed the opinion that it was advisable to keep the man under medical supervision. So later in the day he was removed to Bow Infirmary.

It is said, states the London News Agency, that Robinson was an engineer who had worked for some time in West Africa, whence he has recently returned. He had lately been living at a lodging-house in Westbourne-street, Sloane-square.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame's numerous friends, and charming wife, who, by the way, is a daughter of Mr. Fletcher Moulton, the well-known K.C. and M.P., must have felt considerably relieved on learning that yesterday's adventure passed off with no more serious consequences than a morning of healthy citement.

The Prisoner's Delusions.

That Robinson was not only mad, but mad in a highly characteristic way, was evident from the logic that he employed towards the police officers who held him captive. "My grievance is very great," he would say, or "I did it for the good of everybody." He evidently considered that his action would not only be beneficial to the Bank, but also to the world in general. He was evidently suffering from the greatest strain and nervousness.

Inquiries at his lodgings show that the man was of very excitable disposition, and in the habit of holding long conversations with himself. Every evening he called at a small grocer's shop for a bag of biscuits, on which he made his supper.

That the Bank is insufficiently guarded in the daytime this case makes evident. At night the War Office provides a protective force of twenty-three men. But in the daytime anybody with a decent coat can gain admission.

THE TSARITSA'S ILLNESS.

The Tsaritsa Reads English Novels to His Suffering Wife.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

St. Petersburg, Tuesday.

The Tsaritsa, whose illness has been the cause of several alarming reports, is, we have it on the best authority, suffering from nothing more dangerous than an abscess in the right ear, which, though exceedingly painful, will not necessitate an operation.

The patient is making rapid progress, and supports the great pain that she suffers with an exemplary patience. The Tsar is constantly by her side, devising means and ways to distract the Empress' attention from her sufferings. For this purpose he has found nothing so effective as the admirable Tauchintz, and it is said that he often reads English novels to his wife for hours at a time. E. W. Hornung and Leonard Merrick are special favourites with their Majesties.

UNFITTED FOR LADY STUDENTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

New York, Monday Night.

The debutantes of American lady athletes have been flattered by a proclamation of Mr. Charles Eliot, President of Harvard University.

The president has issued a statement against female girls indulging in violent forms of athletics, particularly boating, football, and "putting" heavy shot. Mr. Eliot's warning is due to the tendency in recent years for girls to adopt most of the sports played by their brother collegians. The president believes most girl collegians would be permanently hurt by adopting violent pastimes.

| 1903. | Nov. | Dec. |
|--------|------|------------|
| Sun. | 29 | 6 13 20 |
| Mon. | 30 | 7 14 21 |
| Tues. | 1 | 8 15 22 |
| Wed. | 25 | 9 16 23 |
| Thurs. | 3 | 10 17 24 |
| Fri. | 27 | 4 11 25 |
| Sat. | 28 | 5 12 19 26 |

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Vehement Speech against Mr. Chamberlain.

Six Peers and Thirty M.P.'s Encourage His Grace.

Great interest attached to the speech of the Duke of Devonshire last night to members of the Unionist Free Food League at Queen's Hall.

This is the first public utterance made by his Grace since he resigned his position in the Cabinet. The circumstances of the Duke's resignation, and the petulant letter Mr. Balfour addressed to him on receiving it, are fresh in the public recollection, and people have awaited with piqued curiosity the criticisms of his Grace, now free from official responsibility, on the Government's policy.

All the Ministers recently resigned, with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, six peers, and thirty M.P.'s, were on the platform, and the Duchess of Devonshire was also there.

The meeting—the first convened by the Free Food League—was a crowded one. For an hour before the time fixed for opening there was a large assemblage before the doors.

It soon appeared that there was an opposition element in the meeting, and the hisses which greeted the mention of Mr. Chamberlain's name were met by counter-cheers. Even on the platform Mr. Chamberlain seemed to be not quite without friends.

The Duke spoke with no uncertain voice. While expressing no hostility to the principle of retaliation adopted only to combat hostile tariffs, his Grace is wholly opposed both to protective taxation of food and the establishment of a system of preferential tariffs. The Duke's manner was vehement, almost pugnacious, in his earnestness, and delighted his supporters by the energy of his oratory.

Policy of a Single Brain.

The chief points of the Duke's speech were as follows:—

He had no personal explanation to make; he would say what might be necessary in Parliament.

He held that opposition to food taxation was sufficient qualification for membership of the Free Food League, but he claimed for himself the full right to oppose anything in the nature of a return to protection.

There was nothing the Opposition would like better than an election on this question alone.

This policy had emanated from the brain of a single eminent statesman, and had not been so far supported in its full scope by any other prominent statesman.

As Unionists the free fooders desire to urge upon the Government the danger of supporting this policy.

The country had not made up its mind. It was in the position of a jury that had heard counsel on both sides, but had not heard the summing up of the judge.

Within limits there was a good deal to be said for the principle of retaliation, a moderate use of which might have the effect of extending the area of free trade, and "satisfy the combative instincts of some people."

But he trusted no Government would enter on a policy of retaliation under the delusion that it could be a good thing in itself.

The Drag on the Wheel.

If he could have been assured that only a moderate use of retaliation was intended his Grace might still have been a member of the Government.

Mr. Chamberlain had taken no account of the increased cost to the working man of his clothes and everything in his cottage through a 10 per cent. duty.

There was no greater fallacy than that the restriction of imports would add to profitable employment of capital and labour at home.

Every test showed prosperity was increasing, and his Grace would take no part in a policy founded on inversions of fact.

Mr. Chamberlain had said that his Grace would go down to posterity as a drag on the wheel. He was content to accept that.

A drag was a most important part of the mechanism of a locomotive, and more than ever was it necessary when the engine-driver had got down and allowed another to take his place, and that other was running the locomotive at full speed down the line and against all the signals.

Lord George Hamilton having strenuously condemned food taxation, a resolution expressing the views set forth by the Duke was carried with some dissent.

A MANY-FOOTED ENGINE.

An engine with many feet in addition to its wheels was exhibited on a lantern-screen yesterday at the Warwick Trading Company's premises in Warwick-court, Holborn. At intervals the tyres and wheels were studded with huge feet of iron and india-rubber, and the remarkable feature of the mechanism was that at the precise moment of meeting with an obstacle down would come one of the feet, and the engine would be lifted carefully over the obstruction.

M.P.S' VISIT TO PARIS.

Preparations for Their Cordial Welcome To-day.

The arrival in Paris to-day of the members of Parliament, the Agents-General of the Colonies, and their wives and daughters is eagerly awaited by Parisians, our own correspondent telegraphs, and a very cordial reception is assured.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who has charge of all the arrangements, anticipates excellent results from this return visit.

M. Combes, the Premier, will be present at the banquet on Thursday evening, and will probably propose the King's health. Among other speakers will be M. Berthelot, the eminent scientist, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau, while nearly all the Ministers have also promised to attend.

Though this is not yet certain, it is not improbable that M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, will make an important speech on the "entente cordiale" and the extension of arbitration either at Thursday's banquet or on some other occasion during the visit.

The British Ambassador and Lady Monson will receive the Parliamentary delegates and their wives to tea on Sunday afternoon.

The party, which numbers 197, will leave Victoria to-day by special train, and will cross to Calais by the new turbine boat.

With the single exception of the banquet at the Paris Chamber of Deputies, the ladies will be present at all the functions and ceremonial.

Their headquarters in Paris will be at the Hotel Continental, where an entire wing has been engaged.

Among the visiting members and their wives and families are Lord and Lady Avelbury and daughter, Sir Fortescue and Lady Flannery and daughter, the Earl and Countess of Galway, Sir Howard and Lady Vincent and daughter, Sir John and Lady Brunner, and Mr., Mrs., and Miss Cathcart Wason.

A TRAGEDY OF DESPAIR.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday.

The suicide of one of the passengers on board the Dover to Calais mail boat early on Sunday morning has, now that the identity of the poor girl who took her life is disclosed, laid bare a sad and a romantic story. The victim of this tragedy was a child of sixteen, named Carmen Rincq. Her mother was a singer of some note, well known in Paris under the name of "Lea Fourcade."

Madame Fourcade plays in the provinces a great deal more than in Paris, and was therefore necessarily often separated from her daughters, for she has a second one, a child of twelve. Carmen, although so young, was quite a woman. She worked at sewing and embroidery for an institution, half shop, half convent, under the direction of Sisters of Mercy, to which she went every morning, returning late at night.

On one of these journeys she first met Charles de Collanges, and she fell in love with him. They went through no form of marriage, and lived as though the wealth of the Indies was at their disposal; but Collanges had no money, and, after three weeks of this life of luxury, the two young people disappeared one morning, leaving debts and very little else behind them.

They went to Brussels, and remained there for some time, but the girl's mother had them followed by detectives, and they fled to London. Here actual knowledge of the tragedy of Carmen ceases. I have seen her mother, who is prostrate with grief at her daughter's death, and who can only surmise that desertion by De Collanges was its immediate cause.

THE KING SHOOTS IN NORFOLK.

His Majesty the King had a day's excellent shooting yesterday near King's Lynn over Lord Farquhar's Reffley Woods. The King, in a light Norfolk suit and brown Alpine hat, and wearing white gaiters, went down to the woods in a motor-car. In the centre of the wood there is a large field, and in this space the King and the other sportsmen took their places while the beaters drove the game inwards. Sport was commenced at ten o'clock and was continued—with an interval for luncheon, when the party was joined by the ladies of Lord Farquhar's house-party—until dusk. Over twelve hundred head of game were laid out at the conclusion.

SMOKER'S BEQUEST TO A SMOKER.

An interesting provision is made in the will of the late Rev. John Cotton Browne, of Walkern Hall, Herts, who died worth £100,000. After making a number of bequests, the testator on the back of the will expressed the wish that his friend Major Scott, then in South Africa, should have a thousand cigars and any pipe or cigar-holder he might select from Mr. Browne's collection.

Estate valued at more than £100,000 has been left by Major Lord William Augustus Cavendish Bentinck, of the 19th Hussars, who died early in the month on board ship on his way to rejoin his regiment in India. He bequeathed £500 to the 10th Hussars Polo Club, and a cup, which he won, to his half-brother, the Duke of Portland. The mass of his property goes to his brothers Lord Henry and Lord Charles, and his sister, Lady Ottoline.

YOUNGEST COMPOSER IN THE WORLD.

A Child of Eight who will Wield the Conductor's Baton.

Youths and maidens who have waltzed to the dreamy strains of Darenseki's "Le Rêve," will be surprised to learn that the composer of that popular dance was eight years old last birthday, and that at the time the piece was composed its author was but five.

Little Max Darenseki was born in 1895, and only the wisdom of his parents and the family doctor have prevented him from taking up the profession of musical composer. Like Alexander Pope, he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came"—or the musical equivalent of that peculiar process—before he was well out of the nursery.

The son of a well-known professor of singing, he began to show signs of musical precocity before he had mastered the alphabet. At five he composed "Le Rêve," at six i.e. composed a song of farewell, a mournful piece intended to soothe the afflicted bosom of the family cook, whose husband, a reservist, had been ordered to South Africa. After that the family doctor intervened, and little Max is no longer allowed to compose, though he is given every facility to study harmony and the technique of composition. He also plays the piano to his heart's content, and he has over thirty classical pieces by heart.

On Christmas Day Max is to conduct a performance of his waltz by Mr. Dan Godfrey's band at Bournemouth, and he does not appear to be the least bit nervous. Next spring, too, if the boy's delicate health permits, he will appear at West End concerts as a pianist.

At present he is being initiated into the mysteries of the multiplication table.

PARIS LITERARY SENSATION.

Alexandre Dumas Fils Declared a Plagiarist.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

There is more than a slight buzz in the Paris literary beehive, for a well-known literary review has published, and practically established, that "Francillon," the celebrated comedy, bearing the name of Alexandre Dumas Fils, and which, produced in January, 1887, at the Théâtre Français, took a first place immediately among the efforts of French genius, was written almost entirely by a Monsieur A. Chirac. Dumas, it is said, bought the MS. from a dramatic agent. Here is the story:

M. Chirac was for a long time an amateur in literature. He was a wealthy banker, and wrote for his own amusement. Then one day financial misfortune came upon him, and it occurred to him that he might make money by his pen. He was very much in want of ready cash, and jumped at the offer made to him by a friend, an agent for the translation of plays and their sale abroad, to buy up a whole bundle of his MSS., paying him £60. The deal occurred on October 9, 1886, and "Francillon," which contains large slices of "Le Talion," one of the plays in M. Chirac's parcel, made its success just two years later.

M. Chirac is still alive, and he has kept a copy of "Le Talion," which is to be published shortly. The exposé has made M. Chirac the man of the moment here in Paris, and theatrical managers are besieging him with commissions to write plays for them.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS BURNED.

The publication of "Who's Who" for next year will be delayed as the result of the fire which occurred late on Monday night at the bookbinding premises of Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge, near Fetter-lane. The first instalment had been already sent to the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, and will be issued on December 1, the date already announced, but the remainder of the proposed issue, comprising many thousand copies, were destroyed in the fire, and these cannot be reprinted before the middle of the month.

Many thousands of volumes of other interesting works, including Lord Wolseley's memoirs and Batsford's "Silver Plate," also perished.

£120,000 FRAUD CHARGES.

A pale and sad-looking woman in sombre black sat near the dock at the Guildhall Police Court yesterday. It was Mrs. Rowe, wife of the late secretary of the Great Fireman's Fund, who is charged with fraud amounting to £120,000.

Rowe, who was arrested at Toronto, where he was living under the name of Prescott, and doing business as a stockbroker, is a slightly built man with a pale, clean-shaven, clear-cut face. He was formerly a partner in the firm of Bewick, Moreing and Co., engineers, who have as a matter of honour paid all the liabilities that Rowe is stated to have led them into.

The prisoner was remanded.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe and Mrs. Ogden Gooley arrived yesterday at the Ritz Hotel. They will remain some time in Paris, to which this is the young Duchess's first visit.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

A RECORD VINTAGE.

This year's vintage on the famous Johanniskirchberg estate has produced 14,525 gallons of wine, the richest yield since 1857.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The King and Queen of Wurtemburg will come to England in the spring for the wedding of Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice of Albany. They will stay at Windsor Castle as the guests of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

STATESMEN ON FRUGAL FARE.

The Turkish Ministers are said to be unable to agree upon the answer which should be given to the Austro-Russian Note regarding the proposed reforms in Macedonia. They sit till late at night, and dine in a frugal manner in the Council Chamber itself.

DUCHESS'S NEW NIECE.

The Duchess of Marlborough has another niece by the birth to-day of a second daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior. Mrs. Vanderbilt's condition pleases the physicians. Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay was the first of the proud mother's friends to congratulate her.

PANIC ON A STEAMER.

The Swiss Lake steamer Helvetia ran ashore on Sunday night on a sandbank at the mouth of the river Cassarate, close to Lugano, while returning to that place from Porlezza. Some thirty passengers were on board, and a panic ensued. Another steamer came to their assistance, and took all off in safety.

COLONY RAVAGED BY CATERPILLARS.

A plague of caterpillars is the latest scourge of New South Wales. It has come with the refreshing rain which is repairing much of the damage produced by prolonged drought. The caterpillars are travelling in great armies, devouring the crops, even obliterating them in some districts, and railway trains have been stopped by the march of the insects across the lines, which their crushed bodies make so greasy.

GREAT DEMAND FOR TURKEYS.

The immense quantity of turkeys consumed on Thanksgiving Day in the United States is demonstrated by the fact that the middle division of the Pennsylvania Railway was blocked for several hours on Sunday night, caused by the congestion of fast freight trains carrying turkeys eastward. The price of the birds has never been so high; in New York they are selling (Lafan reports) at thirty cents a pound.

THE PRINCESS'S ELOPEMENT.

In connection with the disappearance of Princess Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg, which was fully chronicled in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, Reuter's correspondent at Berlin states that the missing Princess is supposed to be in Italy. She had carried on an intimate correspondence with her cousin, Princess Louise of Tuscany, better known as the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, who is now at Ventnor with her child.

WRONG-DOING BY PHONOGRAPH.

A curious lawsuit was heard in Paris yesterday. A number of keepers of wineshops who indulged their customers with phonograph performances were summoned for disturbing the peace, and fined a franc each. This being too small a fine to allow of an appeal, each offender solemnly declared he would repeat the offence as soon as possible, in order to have the opportunity of making a test case of the matter. Paris will therefore be phonographically hideous during the next few days.

THE POPE AMID ENGLISH PILGRIMS.

A pilgrimage, numbering about 400, from the English Catholic Association, was at the Vatican yesterday presented to the Pope by Archbishops Bourne and Stonor.

The reception took place in the famous Loggia di Raffaello. His Holiness subsequently walked about in their midst, giving to each his hand to kiss, and speaking to some. Afterwards his Holiness received the leaders of the pilgrimage in his private apartments, and gave expression to his great appreciation of the loyal affection shown towards him by British Catholics.

A GOOD DAY ON 'CHANGE.

Another good day on the whale has to be reported on the Stock Exchange. In the morning there were some long faces over the news from the Far East, and some lamented death of Sir J. Blundell Maple, caused some thought for the safety of the West African market. Then we were told of the latest developments. Then, too, the details of the settlement occupied much attention, but all the bad points quickly lost their power, and as regards the Maple holdings it was soon known that they were only providing against.

We are nearing the settlement in Consols, which accounts for the leading stock being rather dull, though it only lost the merest trifle. The settlement is certainly shown that there has been a little more speculation for the rise, and that is not altogether a good point towards the end of the year. Yesterday we had to tell of a new issue of capital by the South Eastern Railway. To-day it is the £1,000,000 of Four Cent. Preference Stock at £100. It is said that no more railway issues will be made until the spring months, and certainly the markets can do without them.

Revival of business in Africa continued great

MR. HOOLEY'S FINANCE

Criticised by Two Judges of the High Court.

Mrs. Hooley, wife of Mr. Terah Hooley, the financier, failed yesterday in her action against Mr. Frederick Booth, of Manchester, to recover £2,800 on a sale of 30,000 shares in the now notorious Sapphire Corundum Company. Mr. Booth, who had bought 5,000 of the shares for £200, said the other 25,000 were handed to him as chairman of the company for purposes of reconstruction, and he claimed the return of the £200 actually paid on the ground of misrepresentation.

The Lord Chief Justice, in the course of his summing up, made some incisive remarks concerning Mr. Hooley. The price of the Corundum property, his Lordship pointed out, was £35,000 or £45,000, and it was sold to a company with £1,000,000 capital. No fewer than 600,000 fully paid up shares found their way into Mr. Hooley's control.

"Of course," said the Lord Chief Justice, "if Mr. Hooley had bought a diamond at the price of clay he was entitled to his profit, but the matter required explanation."

His lordship then dealt with the matter of a Mr. Cawston, who had stated that he offered a bribe to Mr. Booth, and that Mr. Hooley had tried to induce him to stay away from the court. If Mr. Cawston were to be believed, the jury would consider whether they could treat Mr. Hooley as a man of honour.

The jury found for Mr. Booth on his claim and counter-claim.

Another Corundum Case.

Another case affecting the Corundum Company was heard yesterday, before Mr. Justice Lawrence. Mr. J. S. Kelly and Mr. Charles Eden George sought to recover £5,000 on a bill of exchange accepted by Mr. George H. Cawston, the agent of Mr. Hooley, already referred to.

The defence was one of fraud. Mr. Cawston said he had signed bills for sums amounting to £140,000 or £150,000 at the instance of Mr. Hooley, whose object was to buy shares and sell them at a profit. He was asked to buy 20,000 shares in the Corundum Company, and give a bill for £5,000, being assured that he would never be responsible for it.

Mr. Kelly was connected with the Corundum Company, and the bill passed from his hands into those of Mr. George, a creditor of Kelly. His lordship, in giving judgment for Mr. Cawston, said there was no doubt whatever that the whole transaction with regard to the Sapphire Corundum Company was fraudulent from beginning to end. He ordered the bill to be impounded.

THE CITY CLERK.

Provision for his More Comfortable Board and Lodging.

The hewers of wood and the drawers of small salaries in commercial London are rapidly being provided with excellent accommodation, which for ever obviates the necessity of living alone in dismal and uncomfortable lodgings-houses, with a window, when clean, giving a view of countless smoky chimneys.

The foundation-stone of the first of the Ingram Houses was laid yesterday by the Bishop of Rochester at 42, Stockwell-road. These houses are to be built by a company whose inception is due to the council of the Church of England Men's Society, and they are to be residential clubs, with private bedrooms, at prices of from 7s. to 13s. a week. For £1 a week it will be possible to make two ends meet. Any profit over six per cent. will be spent in improvements. The houses will be "quite unsectarian," and intoxicating liquors will be on sale.

AFTER MOTORING THROUGH SCOTLAND.

Mr. Robert Beavan, of Gloucester-road, after touring through Scotland, and using it at other places, sent his £450 steam motor-car to Garages, Ltd., of Queen-street, City, to sell for him. He thought it was worth £250, and he wished to sell it because its kind had gone out of fashion. Garages, Ltd., were putting it through its paces to a customer, but in Queen-street it stopped short never to go again. The boiler leaked.

It was pushed home, and yesterday the owner sued Garages, Ltd., for compensation, as he held that the fire must have been lighted before water was put into the boiler. He was awarded £25 and costs by Judge Lumley Smith at the City of London Court.

THE POSITION OF LORD ROBERTS.

The statement has been made in more than one quarter that Lord Roberts has resigned his office as Commander-in-Chief, says the "World," but this is not the case. The facts are, the same journal continues, that his lordship has placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the Government. He is ready and willing to vacate his position at any moment if it is thought that by doing so he would in any way benefit the Service or remove difficulties. At the same time he has determined to retain his office, health permitting, if it is considered expedient that he should do so.

DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS.

Fifteen Hundred Intended for Poor Children on Show at Bath House.

Bath House yesterday was a museum of dolls. Fifteen hundred of them, intended for children in the poorest parts of London, were being exhibited before distribution by the Children's Happy Evenings Association, which has some 100 branches in the Metropolis.

A "World's Fair" was arranged in one room, and here 200 dolls, in the national costumes of every country in the world, made a brave show. From two rag dolls from Madeira to silk-clad ladies from Japan, every doll was perfect in all details. These, with 300 other dolls, were all contributed by Mrs. Werner's personal friends.

"The children who live in the shoe," with the old woman who rented that singular family residence, attracted much attention. The "shoe" was carved and covered by Lord de Ros, and the sixty children were dressed by Lady de Ros, Lady Bangor, and Miss Emily Ward. A large doll in a yellow dancing frock was sent by Lady Ludlow; Lady Jephcott sent three Pearses; Lady Margaret Rice a beautiful baby doll; and over thirty little ladies were given by the Rev. Lord and Lady Victor Seymour.

Two little girls, Hilda and Lily Eckstein, have been industriously dressing dolls for months, and the results were to be seen in eighteen dainty babies.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, from "Quality Street," was there, in miniature, her blue and white costume copied exactly from the Vaudeville play; a little straw bonnet was demurely tied over her ringlets.

Among the grown-up people who went to the show were Lady Jersey, president of the association, Lady Knutsford, Lady Florence Felham-Clinton, Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Hall Caine, Mrs. Bland-Sutton, Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

INVENTIVE WOMAN.

Ladies who have Contrived Clever Appliances of all Kinds.

The inventive genius of woman will be largely in evidence at the Inventions Exhibition which Lady Louise Loder opens at Brighton to-day. Though over fifty of the inventions exhibited are of a domestic character, there are some ladies who have displayed striking skill in other directions.

Miss Hart exhibits a window peculiarly adapted for the open-air treatment of consumption; Mrs. Perouse a novel process for weaving silk into tapestry; and Miss Benham a collapsible cycle sunshade, which can also be folded and serve as a support for the machine. Mrs. Ryder has invented a clever appliance for keeping blouse and skirt in the right position, and Mrs. Saunders sends a new butter cooler and a dust-proof ventilator for sick rooms.

Another lady has invented a folding-bed which airs and makes itself; and Mrs. Pryce suggests a neat appliance for preventing candle-drip and giving an increased light. Mrs. Wheeler has invented various vegetable cutting appliances and can also prevent the splash of the fat in the frying-pan.

Another feminine invention, for children, becomes a rocking-horse, mail-cart, or cradle in pleasure. Mrs. Llewellyn has patented an appliance for preventing burglars from breaking glass and reaching locks with impunity. Mrs. Evans sends a packing-case cover for ladies' trunks, and Mrs. King an arrangement by which a kitchen table may be turned into a servant's writing-desk.

EXPERT ROYAL COACHMAN.

But for the quickness and good judgment of one of the royal coachmen a collision between a royal carriage and another vehicle would have occurred in Charing Cross-road. The coachman of the private carriage was driving recklessly, and it needed all the royal servant's quickness to avoid a violent collision. The reckless driver was fined 5s. yesterday at Marlborough-street.

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. William F. Hicks-Beach and Miss Susan Christian, at St. Barnabas's, Pimlico.

Captain Noel Money, D.S.O., and Miss Maud Wood, at All Saints' Church, Culmington, Shropshire.

Social Functions.

The Duchess of Albany opens the Church Army's annual sale of work at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street.

The Duke of Connaught presides at a dinner in aid of the Hospital and Home for Incurable Children, Maida-vale, at Prince's Restaurant.

The Duke of Marlborough attends the complimentary banquet to Sir Neville Lubbock given by the West India Committee, Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Métropole.

Lady Louise Loder opens the International Exhibition of Inventions at Brighton.

King's Dragoon Guards: Welcome Home Dinner, Imperial Restaurant, Regent-street, 8.

General.

Women's Institute, 92, Victoria-street.—Exhibition of Buckinghamshire lace; and an address by Mr. Fleetwood H. Williams.

BOND-STREET RESTAURANT

Where Working Women may Lunch for Fivepence.

The scheme for starting a working women's restaurant in the West End of London has been thought out on most business-like lines.

Lady Rucker is the moving spirit, and it is to her that the excellence of the details is due. The idea is to open premises in the neighbourhood of Bond-street and offer a good lunch of meat, vegetables, and pudding for the modest sum of fivepence.

The customers whom the promoters especially desire to attract are the dressmakers' and milliners' employés who work in the big shops in the neighbourhood.

When the arrangements are complete prospectuses will be sent to the heads of all the chief business houses asking for their co-operation in the matter of fixing the girls' lunch hour so that arrangements may be made for the girls to visit the restaurant in relays, in order that the restaurant may not be overcrowded. It is hoped that a comfortable reading-room will also be provided. The promoters disavow all philanthropic motives, declaring that it is to be purely a matter of business.

If it is found that it appeals to various classes a "classification" of the accommodation will provide for the comfort of all.

IS SHYNESS CURABLE?

A Woman's Interesting Experiment for Women.

Since no man has so far dared, a woman has decided to try and cure her shy sisters of their disadvantageous reserve and nervousness.

Miss Elsa D'Esterre, a lecturer on history and literature in one or two leading London schools, will open a series of debating classes at Mrs. Jopling's Art School, Earl's Court, on Friday next, with the object of proving that the shyness which prevents so many intelligent women from taking part in open debate is capable of being cured.

Her syllabus is an interesting one, her rules are amusing, and she plunges boldly into the midst of her subject with a first debate on "Is Shyness a Form of Conceit?"

Those who attend may not do so silently. All present must speak on the question before the house, none may speak without standing, none may laugh while speaking, none shall play offence.

MR. ZANGWILL'S WEDDING.

Quietness will be the note of the wedding of Mr. Israel Zangwill and Miss Edith Ayrton, daughter of Professor Ayrton, F.R.S., which takes place to-morrow morning. Only the near relatives of the bride and bridegroom will be present at the actual ceremony, though at the reception at 41, Norfolk-square, the residence of Professor and Mrs. Ayrton, there will be over five hundred guests.

In view of the bridegroom's high position in the republic of letters, the gathering will naturally be largely composed of literary people. Among the many notabilities expected to be present are Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Miss Violet Hunt, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., Mr. Clement Shorter, and Mr. Arthur Diosy.

Rumour has credited Miss Ayrton with the intention of adopting the Jewish faith. In reality the enthusiastic Zionism, which she shares with Mr. Zangwill, does not imply Hebrew orthodoxy, although it is sufficient to make her contemplate a lengthy sojourn in Palestine among the colonists.

LADY EVANGELIST INJURED.

Miss Mary E. Spencer, a well-known Scotch evangelical worker, sustained a broken right arm and other serious injuries in an accident yesterday. She was cycling down a hill near East Linton, Haddingtonshire, and collided violently with a cart.

Race.

Stratford (20). Gaynor Madden Rider Price 100s. 8s.

Spa (20). Melay Trigg 7 to 1

Town (11). Tin Soldier Walkington 7 to 2

Nov. C. (II) (10). Goldrush Lane 10 to 4

London (10). Goldrush East 10 to 1

Budbrook (4). Schnips Lane 6 to 6

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters).

The meeting concludes to-day, when the following may prove successful:—Midland Counties Handicap—Searaway or Morgan—Warwick Nursery—Livia or Arundel—Guy's—Colgate—Liberator—Lidell—Wellesbourne—Belvoir—Trotter or Australian Cup.

For the fast approaching Manchester November Handicap Lord Rossmore and Bachelor's Button closed firm yesterday at the head of the betting list at 6 to 1 and 9 to 1 respectively.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

REVIVING AN OLD OFFENCE.

Three men were charged yesterday at Leeds with publishing blasphemous literature. One of them stated that it was nearly twenty years since the last charge of a similar nature was heard. The case was adjourned to enable him to prepare a case.

THE GUILTY LONG SKIRT.

A Bristol doctor, urging the city council to steps to combat consumption, stated that ladies' long skirts, trailing along dusty streets, were one of the most fertile causes of the disease. The council adopted a by-law fixing a penalty of £1 for the offence of expectorating in public places.

WATERCRESS AS A DANGER.

The Public Health Committee of Hackney has condemned as unfit for food the greater part of London's supply of watercress, on the ground that it is polluted by sewage. They attribute to its use an outbreak of typhoid fever, and propose a Local Government Board inquiry on the subject.

ALL RETURNED SAY TWO.

A memorial cross was yesterday unveiled at Canterbury by Lord Harris in honour of twenty-three Volunteers and nine Regulars, alumni of the Stephen Langton Schools, in that city, who took part in the Boer war. All but two returned, one being killed in action and one dying from disease.

IRISH TOBACCO CULTIVATION.

Ireland is to have an opportunity of showing what it can do in tobacco production. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a letter to Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., states that though his inquiries do not show that the results of tobacco cultivation will be promising, he has nevertheless decided to give the experiment full scope, and has instructed the Inland Revenue authorities accordingly.

EIGHT YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE.

A London man named Turner, alias Davies, who had been concerned in frauds on the Post Office, was yesterday sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. His method was to obtain money orders for small amounts and to subject the writing upon them to a chemical process and thus remove it. He would then fill in the spaces with larger amounts. In this way he made orders for £3 17s. appear as if they were for over £326.

WOMEN INDIGNANT WITH SIR A. WEST.

Several questions were asked by Mr. Foster at yesterday's meeting of the London County Council respecting the statements of Sir Algernon West at the recent licensing sessions on the question of the employment of women in places where intoxicating liquors were sold. Many women resented the imputation underlying those remarks. Mr. Torrance, in the absence of Sir A. West, said he believed the remarks were made on Sir Algernon's own responsibility.

WILLIAM FREEMAN, I.S.O.

In recognition of his thirty-seven years' work as a postman at Newbury, Berks, William Freeman has been decorated with the medal of the Imperial Service Order, which was founded by his Majesty the King. Freeman has received from the Secretary of State the handsome medal of the Order in a morocco leather case. The decoration was accompanied by a letter from the Secretary of the Imperial Service Order. Freeman had previously served in the Army.

LORD MASHAM'S MINERS STRIKE.

No sooner is the prolonged strike at Lord Prenhyn's quarries in North Wales formally declared at an end than another strike has occurred at the works of another peer—Lord Masham's collieries at Acton Hall, Yorkshire.

Four men who were told off to attend to a fall of rock at the Silkstone pit neglected to do so and were dismissed. Two thousand men also employed at these collieries have now come out on strike, and refuse to resume work until the four men are reinstated. It is said that the strike has been commenced contrary to the wishes of the Yorkshire Miners' Association.

WARWICK RACES.

Otto Madden rode in five of the half a dozen races at Warwick yesterday, and succeeded in winning twice, his other wins being in the 20s. and 30s. He beat W. Lane, his younger rival for the jockey premiership, who only had two mounts during the afternoon, won once, and is now seven points behind in the race for the championship. The total number of winners riding by each jockey being: Madden 15s.; Lane 14s.; Tarrant, who won the November Handicap, has by that success increased his penalty for the Manchester November Handicap to 10lbs., raising his impost for the race to 7s. 10s. Results of yesterday's racing:

Race. Wins. Rider. Price.

Stratford (20). Gaynor Madden 100s. 8s.

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Town (11). Tin Soldier Walkington 7 to 2

Nov. C. (II) (10). Goldrush East 10 to 1

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At Rugby football yesterday Dulwich University beat Oxford University by 14 points to nil.



A Man's Thoughts on Women's Books.

THE CHASTISER OF THE "SMART SET" HERSELF CHASTISED.

"THE JESTERS," by "Rita," Hutchinson.

IT is not without some misgivings that I have accepted the invitation of the Editor of the *Daily Mirror* to write once a week my impressions of some current work of feminine literature.

For one thing, so few women write books that are worth reading; it is only in very rare cases that they rise above some of their most paralysing disabilities. A fatal lack of sense of proportion, a style that is either slipshod or finicking, and a most doleful want of humorous perception are among the chief deficiencies which I notice in the majority of books produced by the "modern woman."

How detestable it is, that phrase the "modern woman"! I daresay I shall be regarded as something of an old fogey when I say that all this talk about the "modern woman" is very distasteful to me. In my young days the phrase carried with it, very properly, a sense of opprobrium; but it is characteristic of present-day tendencies (with which I do not pretend to sympathise) that no such meaning is now associated with the phrase; and it would even appear that women are rather proud of being "modern" and "up to date."

Well, in my opinion, a woman is just a woman, whether she did live in the Garden of Eden, or lives now in a villa at Brixton; and the few women authors whom I was brought up to regard with respect, Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, for example, confined themselves to writing about such subjects as came within a refined woman's sphere of knowledge, and were consistent with feminine modesty and propriety.

Times have changed since then. I myself little thought when I was young that I should ever live to write in a newspaper for women. It is only in the hope that I may be able to administer some much-needed criticism that I bring myself to a task which is otherwise distasteful. Perhaps this is enough autobiography. I will now go on to discuss the book which has been furnished to me this week.

II.

The notoriety which I understand "Rita" at present enjoys owing to her attacks (richly deserved) on the ways of modern "smart society" had prepared me to find something in this book with which I could sympathise. One who is so justly indignant at the ways of the modern world would, I had imagined, have chosen a more agreeable age in which to pitch the action of her novel.

I was, however, disappointed. "Rita's" book is all about "smart" people, and very offensive and ill-mannered people they are. Nor do I know which are the most offensive characters in the story—those whom "Rita" obviously holds up to ridicule, or those whom she just as obviously believes to be refined and beautiful and attractive.

Certainly the latter are the more ridiculous, for they are everything which the author imagines them not to be, and nothing which she claims for them.

III.

The story, such as it is, is of a young woman betrothed to a young man who has a twin brother. The twin brother makes an unfortunate and secret marriage, and a malicious friend of the heroine informs her of this fact, but makes it appear that it is her fiancé who is already married.

She therefore dismisses him, refusing to listen to his protests and explanations. But she continues to love him and to suffer in silence.

They do not meet for ten years, and the book opens with an account of their being brought accidentally together in a Cornish hotel by the malicious friend. This friend, by the way, is the wife of a peer, Lord Birklands, but is addressed and spoken of on all occasions as "Lady Betty"—a curious lapse for a critic of society to make, unless she was Lady Betty Somebody before she married.

The Cornish hotel adjoins the house in which the hero gives shelter to his dead twin-brother's child and drunken widow; and, of course, the heroine thinks they are the wife and child of her former lover. By the instrumentality of a well-meaning American girl she discovers her mistake, and takes back her lover—who has spent the intervening ten years in making money and in preserving a "grim" and "stern" and "hopeless" and generally offensive behaviour.

IV.

That is the story; but I am not able to describe how badly it is put together. You have to read at least a hundred pages before you catch even a glimmer of what it is all about; and a hundred pages of what insanity!

The conversations of "Lady Betty" and her friends are doubtless intended as a satirical exposure of the "Smart Set." I have as hearty a hatred of that group of people as anyone can have; but not their bitterest enemy could ever accuse them of talking as "Rita" makes them talk.

Such pages of inane drivel (I dislike exag-

gerated expressions, but nothing less strong will serve here) I have never before had the misfortune to read. If this is a representative of the kind of book which is now popular (and I am assured that "Rita" is a highly popular authoress), what an indictment it is of the modern woman's taste in literature! In no single instance do the characters act or think or speak like any human beings whom I have ever met.

Let us take some examples. Trecarroll, the hero, is sitting alone at table with his little niece, who asks him some childish questions—"Why is life unpleasant?"

"If I could tell you that," he said, "I should have been behind the scenes of Creation. Its laws are only known to One; they are sealed mysteries to the world at large. We are; we suffer; and we die. Those things are sure—nothing else."

Pretty conversation with which to entertain a child! Yet we are asked to believe that a few choice remarks of this kind so charmed the infant that she became Trecarroll's slave!

The man is, indeed, an arrant prig. He talks in long paragraphs, as though he were delivering a lecture. It is thus, I suppose, that "Rita" takes her opportunity of delivering her views of life and conduct.

The characters, indeed, have but a poor chance. At the most they get one or two sentences of their own out, and then "Rita" gets behind them and speaks through their mouths. Here are some examples:

"I go to women's clubs and debates sometimes. Really they are very amusing. A debate means turning the wheel of their own opinions by the stream of their own verbosity."

Again—addressed to the unhappy "smart set":

"You all want to be comes trailing your little sparks of sensation through a firmament of popularity, extinguishing the light of lesser stars. You each of you believe your own special glory to be the only one."

To the educated women of to-day really like this kind of thing? Are they really taken in by it? Do they take its loose English for good style, or its ridiculous epigrams for wit and wisdom?

In spite of my opinions about the "modern woman," I find some difficulty in believing it.

C. K. L.



THE woman with a genuine love of horse and hound and a keen desire to share in a wild, stirring gallop across country in the wake of a flying pack is by no means the creation of the last half-century.

But where one woman appeared at the coveside forty or fifty years ago, to-day there will be found twenty or more; and it seems odd to us in these times that at one period it was considered outré for a lady to hunt at all.

We changed all that long, long ago, and the Diana of to-day comes out on her smart-looking Irish hunter not to gossip or flirt, but to show an intelligent interest in the sport, to ride hard and straight, and often to take a line of her own, scoring the aid of a "pilot." And when hounds have run into their fox at the end of a long and brilliant hunt, during which the pace has thinned down the field to the narrowest proportions, you will be sure to find at least one bold horsewoman among the select few in the death.

Go where you will—in the "Shires" in the "Provinces," in rough ploughed countries, or those which resemble a "sea of grass"—go to mountainous Wales or sporting Ireland, and there you will find ladies who not only ride right up to hounds, but who often cut down the boldest and best of the men across a stiff line of country.

Then a woman has the advantage over most men of being a light-weight; and it is far less difficult to find her a first-class "conveyance" than the bulky sportsman, who must have a well-bred horse up to at least fifteen stone. Above all, most ladies are abundantly blessed with the nerve that is so essential to the full enjoyment of the sport; and it is remarkable how favourably they compare with men in this one respect.

One of the most notable of lady riders to hounds, of course, was the late Empress of Austria, a splendid horsewoman, and the keenest of the keen. Her performances while out with the Grafton, the Pytchley, and other English packs, besides those of Austria, Hungary, and Italy, are often enthusiastically recalled in hunting circles. But there are many more first-class sportswomen in the field now than even ten or fifteen years ago, and hunting grows in favour among ladies season after season. Perhaps as an ideal horsewoman in the hunting-field one would select the Duchess of Newcastle, famous as a bear-

FROM THE PAPERS.

SUPERIORITY OF LITTLE WOMEN.

Someone has made the interesting discovery that most of the recent brides and some of the prospective ones, so far from being divinely tall, incline rather to petite stature. The women of commanding presence certainly have the advantage in some respects; but in affairs of the heart it is generally the little ones who score.—"World."

RECORD SALMON FISHING.

The largest salmon killed during the autumn was landed from the Stobhall Reach of the Tay, and scaled 47½ lb. On the Upper Redgorton Water of the same famous river the occupants of two boats accounted in one day—October 10—for twenty-two fish, which weighed together 369½ lb., giving an average of nearly 17 lb. for each fish.—"Westminster Gazette."

AERIAL RIGHTS.

If flying machines and airships continue to increase and multiply, some interesting questions regarding trespass may be raised. Although it is commonly assumed that a man in a balloon has a perfect right to travel where he will, this is not the legal aspect of the matter. In the eyes of the law ownership of land extends up to the skies, and any interference with it, however slight, constitutes a trespass.—"Tatler."

READING BY PROXY.

Many delightful folks discuss books which they have assuredly never read, and which they probably never will read. Where do they get the information, such as it is, that enables them to do this? Is it by reading reviews, or is it by reading the book paragraphs which now appear day by day in almost every paper in the country? It is pretty certain that much of the dinner-table talk on books is based on paragraphic information—shall we call it?—gathered from daily and weekly papers.—"M. A. B."

A BURNING QUESTION.

"How are women going to regard the question of smoking in theatres?"—*Daily Mirror*, November 17.

A question that's burning will soon be presented

To you, lady-haunters of pit and of stall; Your own daily paper has opened the ball—A puff-ball the *Mirror* has scented!

One personal query—whatever your station, Dressmaker or Duchess, shall you want to smoke?

The managers humbly your verdict invoke, And the matter requires ventilation!

—Punch."

Women in the Hunting Field.

THE woman with a genuine love of horse and hound and a keen desire to share in a wild, stirring gallop across country in the wake of a flying pack is by no means the creation of the last half-century.

But where one woman appeared at the coveside forty or fifty years ago, to-day there will be found twenty or more; and it seems odd to us in these times that at one period it was considered outré for a lady to hunt at all.

We changed all that long, long ago, and the Diana of to-day comes out on her smart-looking Irish hunter not to gossip or flirt, but to show an intelligent interest in the sport, to ride hard and straight, and often to take a line of her own, scoring the aid of a "pilot." And when hounds have run into their fox at the end of a long and brilliant hunt, during which the pace has thinned down the field to the narrowest proportions, you will be sure to find at least one bold horsewoman among the select few in the death.

"Well, in all my experience of new-comers into this country, I've never seen a lady to equal her to hounds, and precious few men! She hasn't been out of a single gallop this season—and what rare gallops we've had, too!"

This was high praise, indeed, for it came from one of ripe experience who knew what he was talking about.

DEAL IN WINDSOR FOREST.

Our Windsor correspondent sends us news of a terrific duel that was fought in the Great Park early yesterday morning.

He was roaming in the forest when he came across a herd of deer watching a combat between two young bucks, who were slashing at one another like a pair of German students.

Both animals possessed a fine head of antlers, and the clatter of these weapons as they thrust and parried rang through the forest. Their rushes were terrific; and, at last, the stronger animal of the two, putting all his weight into a final charge, dashed his rival to the ground, and all but knocked him senseless.

All would have been over with the weaker buck had not the leader of the herd, which stood by enjoying the spectacle, dashed into the fray, and taking the two combatants by surprise, put an end to this unequal duel.

IDEAL DIETS.

II.

SIR T. LAUDER BRUNTON ON THE VALUE OF A CHANGE.

THE views of a physician on diet will vary somewhat with his age.

The young man, of small experience, imbued with all the latest scientific and theoretical knowledge, is inclined to form his opinions thereon, heeding too little that admirable maxim, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

The older man remembers the theories of his youth, and, though many of them are now impregnate, he well knows that others have gone where all bad theories go—into oblivion. Also, he tempers theory by the fruit of long experience.

Now, Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton, the distinguished physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has been both a scientific student and a practical physician all his life, and therefore his views on the matter of diet may be taken as being founded upon and checked by two sources of information.

The most interesting of the views which owe their reputation to this observer is that of the value of a change in diet. This particular point is perhaps more noteworthy in the case of children, whose diet is so important and complicated a subject as to demand an article to itself.

Discomforting Bacteria.

Everyone knows that we all contain hosts of bacteria—tiny little plants—some of which are useful and some deleterious. Sir Thomas points out that the harmful bacteria, like all living things, have the power of adapting themselves to their surroundings. And the food we take constitutes the most important part of the surroundings of the bacteria.

What happens if you suddenly change the diet to which these objectionable little plants have become accustomed? They might have become adapted to the new conditions if you had considerably made the change gradually, but if you do it suddenly they don't have time to acclimatise themselves, so they starve and die, and you feel better.

Therefore if milk disagrees with a child—that is to say, if it agrees only too well with the bad bacteria—give him nothing but barley water for a couple of days, then for a couple of days only white of egg and water, and then go suddenly back to milk again. There is no question that this plan often succeeds.

Where Alcohol comes in.

There is a whole series of errors and fallacies in the public mind on the subject of alcohol. For many years Sir Thomas has made a point of dealing with it at length in his lectures to the students at St. Bartholomew's.

The facts are these—that alcohol is a food when taken in extremely small quantities and very liberally diluted, but that it is, as a food in health, perhaps the most expensive both to the purse and the bodily economy, and the least valuable of any. Most emphatically does this apply to the majority of women, who lead sedentary lives.

Still keeping to this one point of alcohol as a food—without discussing any of its other properties—no one could be more emphatic than Sir Thomas in insisting on its great value as a food in fever, when, indeed, it may well become the one means of saving life.

I add this to show that there is no fanaticism, but simply the result of dispassionate knowledge in Sir Thomas's strictures on alcohol as a food in health.

Foods for the Fat.

Most of us have heard, and many of us have tried, the dietary methods that go by the names of Banting and Salisbur. Soberly considered, they are found to contain, like most other things, a certain percentage of truth mixed up with exaggeration and error.

Banting consists in putting a person with too superfluous flesh upon a diet of fish, meat, fowl, and eggs, with perhaps a very small quantity of green vegetables. This method is not perfect, and Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton pointed out years ago that Salisbur's modification of it is a great improvement.

He also, like Banting, gave what doctors call a proteid diet, but an hour before each meal he made his patients drink a large tumbler of hot water. This diet is often very satisfactory for stout people.

Tone to the System.

Sir Thomas is particularly interesting when he deals with tonic foods, and the good results of taking them.

Perhaps it has never occurred to the reader to ask why one often takes a small quantity of very strong soup at the beginning of dinner. Well, the reason is that a strong solution of a muscle extract—which is a fair description of most clear soups—is a tonic to the digestion, and promotes the production of gastric juice wherewith to digest what is to follow.

But we do not take too much soup—no second helping—because then we would dilute the gastric juice too much and make it less powerful.

As we announced yesterday, we shall be happy to furnish advice to any of our readers who are in difficulties about their diet—advice given by a competent medical man.

Letters on this subject should be marked "Diet," and addressed to the *Daily Mirror*.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

A FINE, COLD DAY AFTER A WET MORNING.

45 and 46, New Bond-street,

Tuesday Evening.

The very wet and cold morning turned into a fine day, rather to everyone's surprise, and after luncheon it was distinctly cold as well, so that people were induced to go about either on foot or in closed carriages.

London is certainly wonderfully full, more people seem to return every day from the country, where there do not, by the way, seem to be so many shooting parties going on as usual. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein was busy buying hats in preparation for her visit to Ceylon, whether she is going, accompanied by Miss Mary Hughes, for the winter. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester is back in town, and there were as usual a number of men to be seen, among them Lord Arthur Hill and Sir Gilbert Parker, who was on foot in Piccadilly.

At the Berkeley.

Lord and Lady Newborough, who are staying at the Berkeley Hotel, were lunching there to-day. Sir James and Lady Miller were together, the latter wearing becoming pale mauve with a white hat, while the Duchess of Wellington, in dark purple with a black hat and pink malmaisons in her coat, was with Lady Buchan, who was very simply dressed in black.

Some Movements.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, attended by Lord and Lady William Cecil, are starting for the East on the 11th of next month.

Sir Patrick and Lady Playfair, who were married last week, are going to India, on board the Mongolia, whose passengers also include Lady Cromer and Lady Beatrice Thynne on their way to Egypt.

The Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia, who have been spending the last few days in London, are leaving to-morrow for the Continent.

At the Play.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were at the Prince of Wales's Theatre this evening, and afterwards went on to supper with Lady Savile, who was also entertaining the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The King has this year introduced a new style in shooting-hats. It is a green plush, something like that which is worn by the Kaiser, and several of them are now worn at the royal shooting parties.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, who has been invited to Sandringham for the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday, is the Queen's eldest brother. He takes a great interest in, and frequently makes presents to, his grandchild, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark's little son. The Crown Prince has been described as being studious, eloquent, amiable, and, like all King Christian's family, he is open-handed without being extravagant.

The King of Spain's visit to the King and Queen of Portugal early next month appears to excite a great deal of romantic interest. It recalls the romance that was associated with Queen Amélie's own marriage. When Dom Carlos attained his majority nearly every Roman Catholic princess in Europe was mentioned as a suitable bride for him, but none appeared to come up to his ideal. But the Comtesse de la Ferronaye, a French lady remarkable for her diplomatic ability, laid a trap for him to which he succumbed.

She sent for a large photograph of Princess Amélie d'Orléans and placed it in a prominent position in her drawing room. The next time Dom Carlos visited her house he seemed rather interested, but at first the Comtesse appeared very dense as to the object of his enquiries. However, a letter of introduction, an immediate visit to Paris, and the announcement of an Orleans-Braganza alliance followed in quick succession.

Culford Hall, where the Prince and Princess of Wales are staying, is not a large but a very charming estate, and the most famous sporting centre in Suffolk. The hall was built some three hundred years ago by the premier baronet of England, and transmitted from the Cornwallis family to the present owner.

Lord Cadogan has added largely to the house, and made extensive gardens. Amongst the features of the house are the enormous marble chimney-piece in the hall and large portraits in oil of Lord and Lady Cadogan and Lord and Lady Chelsea.

Few people realise that the Grand Duke Vladimir is the next heir to the Russian throne after the present Tsar and his only surviving brother. This fact renders his position at the Russian Court a singular one, and gives added interest to his present visit to this country.

Lady Marjorie Greville's bridesmaids consist entirely of her first cousins, a singularly lovely group of very young girls, and children with quaint names. Among them

are Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, Miss Marigold Forbes, the daughter of Lord Rosslyn, and the little daughter of Lady Eva Dugdale, who is a god-child of the Princess of Wales.

* * *

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn and Lady "Phyllis" Hamilton are among Lord and Lady Londesborough's guests this week, and will pay a few days' visit to Lord and Lady Stradbroke, at Henham Hall, before finally returning to Ireland. Lord and Lady Leicester are having a number of guests next week at Holkham for the covert shooting there, which is amongst the best in Norfolk.

* * *

Lady Wallscourt, who has been having trouble with a dishonest maid who stole her bracelet, is a daughter of the late Sir William Palliser, C.B., M.P. She married Lord Wallscourt in 1896, his first wife having been a sister of the present Lord Harrington. The Wallscourt peerage was created in 1800, and the first holder of the title, Mr. Blake, was M.P. for Galway for many years in the Irish Parliament.

* * *

Lord and Lady Belper are entertaining friends this week at Kingston Hall, their place near Derby. Lord and Lady Cobham are also entertaining at Hagley Hall, whilst Lord and Lady Carrington, Lady Alexandra Carrington, and Lord Coke are amongst Lord and Lady Hastings' guests this week.

* * *

Lady Evelyn Ward, who with Mr. Gerald Ward has been staying at their house in Hyde Park-street, close to the Marble Arch, had intended crossing to Ireland with her husband, but owing to Lady Dudley's attack of influenza she has gone to stay with her in Carlton-gardens, until they go to Ireland together.

* * *

Lord and Lady Dudley's children are in England at present; Lord Ednam is still at Mr. Evelyn's preparatory school, and as two infectious cases made their appearance in the vicinity of the Viceregal Lodge lately, it was deemed advisable to bring the younger children away for a time.

* * *

The last accounts of Lord Stair are very serious, and his friends and relations are most anxious about him. His eldest son, Lord Ardmyle, is married to one of the beautiful daughters of Lady Susan Grant-Suttie, aunt of the Duke of Roxburghe.

* * *

By a happy coincidence and in a pleasing manner, Eton and Harrow were brought together yesterday afternoon at Eton, in the wedding of Mr. Charles Middleton Kemp, an old Harrovian (who was captain of the eleven), and Miss Mary Dalton, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Dalton, assistant master at Eton College.

* * *

The bride, who was given away by her brother, was dressed in ivory satin draped with old Brussels lace, the gift of her mother. Her seven bridesmaids were attired in cream silk guimpe, trimmed with lace, and wore large black picture hats.

* * *

At the bazaar which is to be held at the Wharncliffe Rooms in aid of the Ophthalmic Hospital to-morrow and Friday Princess Löwenstein-Wertheim will hold a fancy stall. The Duchess de Mandas and Lady Howard of Glossop will preside over the Spanish stall, Lady Edmund Talbot and Countess Reynell over an Irish stall, and the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle over another fancy stall.

* * *

There are to be entertainments, a voting prize, and a raffle for a motor-car. Among other ladies interested are Lady Herbert of Lea, Dowager Lady Clifden, Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, Lady Arundell of Wardour, Lady Bellew, Lady Gerard, Lady Ormonde, Lady Anglesey, Lady Annesley, and Lady Bathurst.

* * *

Lady Helmsley, who is now settled for the winter at her house in Pont-street, intends having another meeting next Tuesday in aid of the Crèche charity in the East-end of London, in which she is so much interested.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

"The best of Prophets of the future is the Past."

—Byron.

Many happy returns to—

Mrs Anna Adderley. | Lord Lovat.

Mrs George Wombwell. | Mr Alexander Cadogan.

Lord Lovat is a Scotch peer, who did yeoman service during the South African war in raising a body of mounted infantry, who served under the name of Lovat's Scouts. He is a splendid rider and an excellent shot, a very good all-round sportsman; is unmarried, and attains his thirty-second birthday day-to-day. His seat, Beaufort Castle, near Beauly, is most picturesquely situated on a high bank overlooking the River Conon.

There is no more familiar figure in London society than Sir George Wombwell, who married Lady Julia Villiers, a sister of Lord Jersey. A very good judge of horse-flesh, he is generally to be seen in the ring at Ranelagh or Hurlingham at the driving contests which take place during the summer. On the 20th of July, as regularly as it comes round, Sir George leaves town for Homburg, no matter what great social function or other important event is impending.

Lord Cadogan has added largely to the house, and made extensive gardens. Amongst the features of the house are the enormous marble chimney-piece in the hall and large portraits in oil of Lord and Lady Cadogan and Lord and Lady Chelsea.

Lady Marjorie Greville's bridesmaids consist entirely of her first cousins, a singularly lovely group of very young girls, and children with quaint names. Among them

FROM THE CONTINENT.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON A MILK DIET.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

Berlin, Tuesday.

The German Emperor has proved himself an excellent patient, and has followed the orders of his doctors with great exactness; but his Majesty has found the time very long and tedious, and had it not been for the constant companionship of the Empress, it would have been still worse. Her Majesty, as soon as her husband was able to bear it, arranged musical evenings for his amusement, and almost every evening there was some little festivity to while away the time. One of the great trials to the Kaiser is the fact that he is allowed no solid food, and has to exist almost entirely on a milk diet, which he finds very trying indeed.

Kaiser Wilhelm has a healthy appetite, and, when in good health, takes a large amount of very solid food. He prefers large joints to made dishes, and the table of his Majesty, when he is alone with his family, is decidedly "burgerlich." Fish, plainly boiled or fried, comes after the soup, and later a large joint; often game is followed by a substantial pudding. His Majesty also eats a great deal of bread, and is fond of sweet dishes, a taste shared by the Empress, who, however, for many years has refrained from indulging herself in the pleasures of the table, as she follows a most strict course of diet in order to preserve her figure.

It is expected that the German Emperor will later go south for a few weeks, as a change of climate is urgently advised by his physicians. His Majesty, however, is anxious to remain at home until after the opening of the New Year, when there are many important functions at the Prussian Court at which his presence is necessary.

It is not unlikely that he will go to Abbazia, the only seaside resort which belongs to Austria, and where the Empress formerly derived so much benefit to her health. The air at Abbazia is particularly bracing; although the climate is warm, the mixture of mountain and sea air has a wonderful effect on convalescents. Amongst those Royalties who regularly visit Abbazia each year are the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxemburg and the King and Queen of Roumania. There are also always several of the members of the Austrian Imperial Family there.

SEARCH FOR A BRIDE.

Wiesbaden, Tuesday.

It seems that both Prince Henry of Prussia and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen are in a very unsatisfactory state of health, and it may be necessary for them both to undergo operations. Prince Henry applied for leave of absence this autumn in order to try the effect of six months in the south, but as his physician did not consider this actually necessary, the Kaiser only gave his brother leave for six weeks to be spent in Germany.

It is expected that the betrothal of the Crown Prince to a suitable Princess will be arranged as soon as possible. The Kaiser has expressed a wish that his eldest son should not be forced to take a Princess for solely political reasons, as he wishes him, if possible, to choose for himself.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is leaving Germany this week for Cannes, where he will spend several weeks with his mother, the widowed Grand Duchess Anastasia, at the Villa Wenden, and will most likely remain over Christmas. His Royal Highness is an enthusiastic chauffeur, and, when on the Riviera, spends a great part of his time on his automobile. There are now few royal personages who have not been bitten by the sport, but the Grand Duke and Duchess George of Russia remain true to their horses and have not taken to the fashionable mode of locomotion.

The influenza fiend has appeared, and his first royal victim is the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who is suffering from a severe attack at Lensahn, which obliges him to keep to bed. As the Grand Duke is by no means strong, his condition causes considerable anxiety.

Monte Carlo, Tuesday.

Notabilities are beginning to arrive, and there is now some high play on the trente et quarante and seven roulette tables that are open. But the punters are chiefly Russians. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and her brother, the Grand Duke Michael, with his charming wife, the Countess Torby, just arrived from England, came over from Cannes for a flutter; the Grand Duke George also. Lord and Lady Mar, who have passed the summer here, find unfailing amusement in systems.

Lord and Lady Baring are expected shortly at the Villa Cinthia, at Cap Martin. It is beautifully situated on the sunny western side, not far from the Villa Cynnes, belonging to the Empress Eugenie.

Lady Bramston, who is at the Hôtel de Londres, is to be seen about.

The Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild has taken the Villa Cahn, close to Cap Martin Hotel, which last season was inhabited by the Countess Lonyay (once Crown Princess of Austria) and her husband.

Baron Henri de Rothschild, who is at Nice, often motors over.

WOMEN WHO WRITE

FOR AMUSEMENT, NOT FOR A LIVING.

How changed are the times and how different is the outlook for women of all classes in this present era of grace, the beginning of the twentieth century, to what it was in the early days of the past century! Gone, indeed, are those days and their prejudices, with regard especially to women of birth and rank who wished to enter the lists of writers, musicians, painters, and even actors.

How shocked; and even saddened, was good Queen Charlotte when she discovered that her faithful and devoted attendant, Fanny Burney, wrote a little, and how horrified were the leaders of the "Bon Ton," when they discovered that she had actually perpetrated a novel.

Lady Mary Stuart Wortley, for instance, was deemed more or less mad because she, too, followed out a line of her own, travelling far and wide, almost unattended—a terrible scandal in those days—giving her opinions in writing undaunted to the whole world.

Nowadays many of our greatest "Grandes Dames" are contributors to periodical literature and, far from being ashamed of the fact, are quite proud of putting their names to their novels, memoirs, or poems.

A Royal Author.

The late Queen Victoria herself set the seal of the fashion on women as authors by giving forth to the world the interesting "Jottings from her Journals" and "Life in the Highlands," and her accomplished daughter, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, proved herself a capable editor of letters and memoirs when those relating to her beloved sister, the late Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, were published under her able editorship, and headed by an interesting preface written by her Royal Highness herself.

The Duchess of Leeds and the young Duchess of Sutherland, who comes of a very brilliant family, and is undeniably clever herself, are notable cases in point, and the latter's sister, Lady Warwick, has followed in her footsteps by just family histories, that of the great family of whom her husband is the head.

Lady Cork is one of the latest of our great ladies who has compiled and edited those interesting historical papers, the "Ossory Manuscripts."

Lady Troubridge, sister of Lady Dudley, is an authoress, and has published charming short stories and little poems in many of the leading magazines and society papers of the day and there is no more popular novelist and writer of short stories than Lady Greville; Mrs. Hemingway, also, one of whose last books, "Contrasts," is quite excellent in its way; "Scarlet and Grey," being another of her most striking efforts in the literary line.

Lady Memoir Writers.

Lady Morgan, Lady Bedingfield (who was much at Court in William IV. and Queen Adelaide's days), and Lady Blomfield, as well as Lady Lyttelton (governess and Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and to the Royal children in the early years of the late reign), were all the precursors of the present day great lady memoir writers; whilst Lady Georgiana Fullerton, sister of the late Lord Granville, was one of the very first ladies of rank or any position, to follow next (and this only in the middle of the nineteenth century) in Fanny Burney's footsteps, and one or two novels, celebrated in their time, came from her pen.

Space forbids mention of all the distinguished women writers of rank, who, of late years, crowd the page of English literature; suffice it to mention Lady Ilchester, whose "Life and Letters" of the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, excited so much interest about two years ago, as well as the charmingly edited and illustrated "History of Holland House," compiled some years earlier by one of Lady Ilchester's predecessors there—namely, Princess Lieven, née Miss Fox.

Lady Currie, as Violet Fane, earned fame as a novel writer and poet; and of those whom the late South African war spurred to philanthropic efforts, and to the writing of their experiences and adventures on hospital work at the Cape during that sad time may be named Mrs. Bagot (a daughter of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, and aunt of the future Lady Kerry), and Lady Maud Rolleston.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:

Blarritz.—Cloudy; maximum, 62; minimum, 44.

Cairo.—Cloudy; forecast colder; maximum, 65; minimum, 58.

Cannes.—Eight hours' sunshine; rain probable.

Montone.—Overcast; maximum, 59; minimum, 50.

Naples.—Nine hours' sunshine; maximum, 56; minimum, 50; barometer rising.

Nice.—Fifteen hours' sunshine; maximum, 54; minimum, 36.

San Remo.—Intermittent sunshine; temperature at midday, 65.

LADIES AT GOLF.

The Surrey Ladies' Coronation Medal Competition at Woking yesterday was won by Miss A. B. Pasco (the lady champion of 1890), from scratch, with a score of 93. She also takes the Pearson prize. Mrs. Wilcock (scratch) was second with 95, and takes the prize for the best putter. Mrs. Steedman (scratch) was third with a score of 108, less 8-18.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-DAY at 3 and TO-NIGHT at 9.
Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MUSIQUE BEAUCIAIRE.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
TWO SPECIAL MATINEES WEDNESDAYS, at 2 and 9.
Box office open 10 till 10.—IMPERIAL.

COURT THEATRE. MI. J. H. Leigh.
Last Two Weeks of THE TEMPEST.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

MATINEES TUESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY,
Box office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5,024 Westminster.
50th PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee Geo. Musgrave.
WILLIAMS and WALKER,
IN DAHOMEY.
The only real cake walk.
WILLIAMS and WALKER,
IN DAHOMEY.

MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN
WEEK PRINCE OF WALES
THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. The run of OLD HEILDEBERG
will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S ON MONDAY,
JANUARY 25.

APOLLO SALON,
119, Regent-street, W.
APOLLO CONCERTS,
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Violinist—MISS M. ALDIS.
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Concert Department, Apollo House, 119, Regent-street,
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SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash—Catches and
Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

LOST your looks; lost your lover? Use "Hinde's
Curlers"—both recover.

SEIGER'S HAIR DYE—ONLY natural tints, defy
dyeing.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style
couture.

ETHEL.—Don't forget to call at the London
Shoe Company, Ltd., and order a pair of
satins shoes. They are exquisitely made in real
Irish hand-made silk embroidery in various designs, and
price, 18s. 9d. per pair. The address is 123 and 125, Queen
Victoria-street, E.C.—RATE:

THE SUCCESS OF THE MUSICAL
SEASON.

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CHARLES WILLEBY,

Composer of

"THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN."

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INEXPENSIVE FUMIGATED OAK
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ment Treatment and Electrolysis gives consultation and
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Best Bits ... 19s. 6d. Coke (per sack) ... 1s. 6d.
Range Holes ... 19s. 6d. Coal (per sack) ... 1s. 6d.
All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

BIRTHS.

CLEEVE.—On Nov. 20, at Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight,
the wife of Colonel Cleve, Rev. the Hon. J. S. Northcote, Trevor
Gray, younger son of Sir Julian Lewis, Bart., of the
Marchioness of Salisbury, and of Lady Charlotte, daughter of
C. C. Scales and Mrs. Scales of Covington, Kentucky.
T. G. SALVADORI—GALLETTI DE CADILHAC.—On the 19th
inst., at Porto San Giorgio, Italy, Dr. William James, son
of Count George Salvatori, of Villa Marini, Salvadori, to
Giacinta Galletti de Cadilhac, Major Arturo
Galletti de Cadilhac and Margaret Isabella, daughter of
the first Lord Monkswell.

MARRIAGES.

LEWIS—SCALES.—On Nov. 21, at St. Andrew's, Ashle-
place, S.W., by the Rev. the Hon. J. S. Northcote, Trevor
Gray, younger son of Sir Julian Lewis, Bart., of the
Marchioness of Salisbury, and of Lady Charlotte, daughter of
C. C. Scales and Mrs. Scales of Covington, Kentucky.

SALVADORI—GALLETTI DE CADILHAC.—On the 19th
inst., at Porto San Giorgio, Italy, Dr. William James, son
of Count George Salvatori, of Villa Marini, Salvadori, to
Giacinta Galletti de Cadilhac, Major Arturo
Galletti de Cadilhac and Margaret Isabella, daughter of
the first Lord Monkswell.

DEATHS.

BECK.—On Nov. 23, at 10, Heathfield-park, Willesden-green, N.W., by the Rev. Frederick W. Gray, of
FORESTER WALKER.—On Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7, Sussex-
gate, the wife of the Rev. Louis Adelade, twin daughter
of the late General Sir George Trench, Bart., of G.C.B., K.C.T., and S. etc., Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea
Hospital.

GRAY.—On Nov. 18, at Pippinford Park, Uxfield, Frederick
Gray, second son of the late Rev. Frederick W. Gray, of
Chestnut Hill, N.W., suddenly, at Bedstone Court, Buck-
nell, Shropshire, Sir Edward Ridley, Bart., aged 63.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices
of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW END STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:—"Referred," London
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taubut.

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of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.;
or for two years, 39s. 6d.

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16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 66s.;
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made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror*

will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally
upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a
stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be
submitted plain, without signature. Editors, The *Daily Mirror*,
2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C. 2, with the word "Con-
tribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative
that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and
address on the back page, and on the last pages of the man-
uscript, not on a fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may
possibly accompany the contribution.

The *Daily Mirror*.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

A Word to Women Gamblers.

We make no apology for returning to a subject which was raised in one of our articles yesterday, and which gains significance, although indirectly, from the conclusion of the action at law in which Mrs. E. T. HOOLEY appeared as the plaintiff. In justice to Mrs. HOOLEY it should be said that she was only technically involved in the case; but the remarks of the Judge with regard to Mr. HOOLEY, that "the question for the jury was whether there were not certain things which made them doubt whether they could treat Mr. HOOLEY as a man of honour, and a man who regarded the ordinary rules that guide honest men," cannot make pleasant reading for those who habitually seek to increase their incomes by other means than legitimate work and production.

That this practice has special dangers for women cannot reasonably be doubted. Women have, as a rule, less knowledge and grasp of commercial matters than men, and almost invariably come to grief when they embark upon financial speculation. It will be seen that we take the very lowest ground, the ground of mere expediency. The moral question is hardly one that admits of elaboration. People either do or do not believe that it is wrong to make money by gambling pure and simple, and we should hardly hope to convert by argument those who differ from our view. But the practical side of the matter appeals to all alike. If men and women could be persuaded that it does not pay in the long run to attempt short cuts to wealth, a vast deal of unhappiness and misery would be avoided. Apparently, however, the gambling habit is on the increase, especially among women. The increasing standard of luxury, the competitions of extravagance that demand a crescendo of expenditure while the legitimate income remains stationary—these are doubtless the chief reasons for which women embark on the dangerous sea of financial speculation.

And yet how rarely they are successful! The rewards are hazardous and occasional, the anxieties constant and harassing. The case of the woman who indulges in the simplest form of gambling—on the Stock Exchange—is certainly not to be envied. She must constantly peruse the share lists, she can never relax her mind from the strain of its anxiety, she must never be out of touch with her broker—and some fine day the whole fabric collapses because she has failed to understand the tactics of some financial ring, or to notice the significance of some obscure European political agitation. The lot of the woman who tries to make a living on the Turf, or at cards or roulette, is no more enviable. In every case the thing becomes a disease, and the life of the unhappy gambler is worn and embezzled by the constant pressure of worry and anxiety.

The simple, practical truth is that there is no really satisfactory way of making money except by genuine work. The case

of some notoriously successful artists in finance may seem to contradict this, but it is only seeming. In every such case it will be found that the successful one has worked desperately hard and enslaved himself to his wealth, or that, in proportion as he has gained it, he has lost other things better worth having, such as honour, self-respect, and the esteem of his friends. For women who desire to make money there are plenty of doors open which at least offer them the opportunity for strenuous work; while for those who have already enough, but would like a little more, there are worse philosophies than the philosophy of contentment. In any case, let us impress upon our readers the bald fact that gambling does not pay.

THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES.

Dr. WARRE, the Headmaster of Eton, has published the final correspondence which passed between himself and the Rev.

J. STRATTON, the honorary secretary of the Sports Department of the Humanitarian League, on the subject of the now famous Eton Beagles. Mr. STRATTON sent a memorial to the governing body of the College, expressing the conviction generally that it was demoralising "for the young to be encouraged to seek amusement in the infliction of pain on animals," and deplored particularly that Eton boys should be permitted to indulge in the sport of hare-hunting. The Provost of Eton replied that the governing body saw no reason to recede from the position they had always held, namely, that Eton beagling was a matter in which they ought not to interfere with the discretion of the Head master; whereupon Mr. STRATTON addressed Dr. WARRE direct.

The subject has been pressed upon Dr. WARRE before, and his answer on the present occasion was to the same effect as that given by him in the past. He said there was no evidence to show that the results of this form of sport were, as Mr. STRATTON assumed, demoralising, and, further, that the great majority of the boys who ran with the beagles hunted when at home in the holidays, and with the approval of their parents. Nor did he see, he added, that this sort of hunting was more justly open to condemnation than hunting in general as conducted in England. On these grounds, therefore, he declared that he was not prepared to interfere with the liberty of the boys in the matter.

The decision of the Headmaster will commend itself to most people; indeed it is rather difficult to see how, in his position, and with his experience, he could have fairly determined the question in any other way. The pith and marrow of the whole controversy lie in the assertion that the sport is demoralising to those taking part in it. But Dr. WARRE, whose testimony must be accepted as conclusive, traverses this statement in the most emphatic manner. His experience is that beagling has not been demoralising "in a single instance," an assurance which was hardly required, but is, nevertheless, welcome. For it shows that at our greatest public school the true ideal of hunting of sport as sport, and not as a mere matter of "killing something," is thoroughly understood and upheld.

The "humanitarian" idea that Eton boys are made more cruel—for this is really the accusation—by their hare-hunting is too far-fetched. In hunting, as in most things, but in this more than in most, everything depends on the point of view. We live in a country where most people "hunt" something—either ride to hounds, or shoot, or fish, or follow beagles. Yet we make bold to say that no sportsman takes pleasure in the death, the actual death, of the object hunted. It is the sport which is the thing, and it is this idea, we may be quite certain, which is kept before the college boys. It is not pleasant to think of the shedding of the blood, the actual blood, of any creature; to dwell on such a subject with delight, so as to be demoralised by it, would infallibly indicate a morbid and diseased condition of mind. It is the other aspects, the finer and manlier aspects, of sport which are emphatically upheld at Eton.

In any case a large proportion of these boys come of families where true sportsmanship has all the force and strength of long tradition. They have been familiar with various forms of "hunting" from their childhood, and when at home, as Dr. WARRE observed, they are accustomed to hunt with their fathers and mothers. It is difficult to see how the Headmaster of Eton could have replied save as he did.

WOMEN AND PROGRESS.

A REPLY TO HELEN MATHERS.

By A WOMAN WORKER.

THE author of "Comin' thro' the Rye" plumps frankly for beauty as the potent factor in man's liking for a woman, brains being in her opinion a negligible quantity.

"Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." But to her assertion that "If you take en bloc women's brainwork from the beginning of time up to now, it has not advanced the world's progress by one single step, or added appreciably to its intellectual riches," I desire to throw down the gauntlet in defiance of her dictum, and to give chapter and verse for my argument on woman's behalf.

Art and Letters.

Let us look on the domains of art, music, literature, and science. Are they enriched at all by women's work? The record, as it stands, is sufficient vindication. Had women been less handicapped, they would have made it infinitely greater.

In art we could quote many names. Angelica Kauffmann in the eighteenth century, Rosa Bonheur in the nineteenth, Lucy Kemp-Welch in this century will suffice.

Music, on the side of interpretation, would lose more than half its power of adding pleasure to the world were it robbed of its Jenny Linds, Pattis, and Melbas. The work of Clara Schumann, as a composer and as an executant, of Madame Chamade, of Maude Valérie White, deserves a better recognition than Helen Mather's gives it.

Has George Eliot done nothing that might remove this stigma?—Nor Jane Austen? Nor Charlotte Brontë? In the Victorian era a long roll of names could well be quoted; but why quote them when they will occur to everybody who has read at all?

Radium, the last wonder of the world, was but yesterday shown to an English audience by the aid of Madame Curie, who, equally with her husband, shares the glory of having brought the first researches to a successful issue.

Miss Mary Kingsley's knowledge of West African biology and folklore was acquired at the expense of hardship and thrilling adventure that must for ever give the lie to the statement that no woman has furthered the cause of humanity.

Her name recalls that of the great woman traveller of the day, Mrs. Archibald Little, who has so much enlarged our knowledge of the Far East.

To Help Humanity.

In the professions now open to women it is early to ask for startling results. Give us a few generations in which we may show that the professional woman, with all her present steady daily work in helping the world's progress has also within her the capacity for producing from her ranks stars of the first order.

Nursing, the first career, apart from domestic and educational work, open to women, produced at the very first a grand example—Florence Nightingale. And since her time the progress of surgery has certainly been assisted by hundreds of devoted women, and that of medicine, in certain instances, as well. History and education owe much to Mrs. Creighton. Miss Helen Bosanquet's studies in social economics are typical of a school of research whose work will be reckoned one of the glories of the later years of the nineteenth century.

In Poor Law administration, local government, and in bettering industrial conditions, women have done work of equal importance with men.

The social studies of Mrs. Sidney Webb and the exhaustive work on Factory Legislation by Miss Harrison and Miss Hutchins are typical of the spirit that pervades the work of the numbers of intelligent and intellectual women whose efforts are adding to the sum of human endeavour in the direction of progress and reform.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 25.—We think to-day of a pathetic figure, daughter of a king of England—Henrietta Maria, the English Queen whose birthday this is.

Queen at sixteen, from the hour when, late at night, Charles Stuart rode from Canterbury to meet her at Dover, her life was one long bitterness, almost unrelieved.

Her mother, who "brought a marriage portion of 600,000 crowns, and diamonds and jewels," founded two hospitals and several charitable institutions "died in poverty in a foreign land, and it was one of the bitterest griefs of Queen Henrietta that she could not soothe her dying hours."

The sadness of her severance from the triumphal march to Oxford, only to be followed by the last parting of all, "Mayenne!" Charles wrote in his distress for her welfare, and for himself he never saw his Queen again.

One day a cardinal abroad found a woman in great distress, "her last load eaten her," having "gotten consumed and exhausted money to purchase firewood." The snow was falling fast, and her child of four was with her. It was Henrietta Maria, whose heart is kept to-day in a silver vessel in a convent, inscribed "Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., the Martyr;" and her son of Charles II., the Restorer."

The "Prince of Shopkeepers."

SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE'S CAREER.

A Romance of Industry.

Sir John Blundell Maple's long illness came to an end, the end that has been feared for many days past, early yesterday morning.

His death removes one of the best-known men in the commercial world, and quite the most famous shopkeeper of our time. Sir John has indeed been called the "Prince of Shopkeepers." His vast retail establishment in Tottenham Court-road is a notable monument of industry and energetic determination.

The story has often been told how from comparatively insignificant beginnings the firm of Maple was raised to its present important position. Sir John was a "hustler" in the best sense of that American expression, and was familiar with every branch of his business down to the smallest detail. At Maples' one may purchase the furniture for a cottage, or equip a vast hotel from cellar to attic.

Maple furniture is to be found in hotels all

paternal counting-house his knowledge of Greek hexameters avails him very little with the China trade in grey shirtings."

He was efficient to the backbone. It is a far cry from the small establishment comprised in one shop to the enormous concern which now employs 3,000 people at headquarters alone.

Efficient himself, he naturally looked for efficiency in others, especially amongst those who are entrusted with the management of great affairs. On one occasion during the South African War he said that what he considered the great want in the Cabinet was the want of a business man. "The Government of a great Empire," he added, "is very much like that of a huge commercial enterprise; and as such it ought to be managed."

An Independent Tory.

Since 1887 Sir John had sat in Parliament for the Dulwich Division. He was a Conservative of the Conservatives, and is said to

tain of this, that Old England will come to the front. . . . They will not even let me run my horses in France except in two races in the year, but they can come over to Old England and run in any of our races. I say that is not fair. . . . That is exactly what they do with our produce."

Sport and Charity.

It was in the direction of sport that his later ambition chiefly lay. At Childwickbury, his St. Albans home, he had the largest stud farm in the country. Extraordinarily successful in the smaller events, he was never lucky enough to win the Derby.

Among the great horses at Childwickbury are Common, Royal Hampton, Prince Hampton, and Macintosh. He won the 2,000 guineas with Kirkconnell, the 1,000 guineas with Siffleuse, the Cesarewitch with Childwick, the Lincolnshire Handicap with Clarence, and the Stewards' Cup with Gangway.

His recent election to the Jockey Club afforded him more pleasure perhaps than any other triumph of a highly successful life. The Jockey Club is perhaps the most exclusive body in the country, and the election of a great business man creates a record in its history.

Sir John was immensely rich and exceedingly generous in his support of philanthropic undertakings. He gave no less than £120,000 to his neighbour, University College Hospital. Among other benefactions were Clarence Park and Sisters Hospital, presented to St. Albans; and the Convalescent Home and Almshouses at Harpenden for aged members of his staff in Tottenham Court-road.

One drop of bitterness in the cup of the great shopkeeper's prosperity was the fact of his having no son to succeed him. His affections were centred in his only daughter, upon whom he is said to have settled a quarter of a million at her birth, and whose marriage to Baron Von Eckhardtstein was one of the events of a recent season.

The Baroness is both pretty and popular, and one of the best-dressed women in society. Her husband is a typical German, fair and immensely tall. He is known to enjoy the special confidence of his master the Kaiser, and will no doubt occupy in time an even more important position in the diplomatic world than he did at the German Embassy in London.

Lady Maple, who was a Miss Merryweather, survives her husband. Before her daughter's marriage she entertained a good deal at Childwickbury. Since then she has lived a quiet life. Her tastes are simple, and she prefers a country life to the bustle and excitement of London.

Sir Blundell Maple's funeral is to take place at half-past two on Saturday at Childwickbury. It will be of a private nature.

"EYES AND NO EYES."

How many children are taught to notice what they see around them, and so to cultivate their powers of observation? Few in any

class; very few among the Board-school class.

A certain elementary school has a red door with a coat of arms over it. Out of thirty-eight girls who were asked about this door some said it was yellow, others thought it was black—only three knew that there was anything over the door at all!

Miss Margaret McMillan, who has written a book on "The Beginnings of Education," gives this instance of "Eyes and No Eyes." She also has found children who thought that bees were bigger than butterflies, that spar-



THE LATE SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE.

From a photo by Merry, Nice.

over Europe, whilst thousands of housewives have looked to the great shop for the provision of the innumerable goods and chattels upon which the comfort of the small home depends. However prosperous the business might be, the head of the firm never relaxed for a moment his efforts to keep it fully abreast of modern requirements.

A Stickler for Detail.

Sir John Blundell Maple was born at his father's single shop, 149, Tottenham Court-road, in 1845. From a private school at Maidenhead he went to King's College. He was fond of boasting of the thoroughly practical nature of his education. He used to say that "a man must learn commerce in detail."

"He must acquire the spirit of business, and take his 'steps' like the officers in the Navy and Army. A good, sound, practical, every-day education is what we want in England. I went into my father's business straight from King's College, and studied detail from an envelope to a ledger."

"Some people train boys for duns or diplomats, which is rough on them when they find themselves thrown into the cotton pit or the Corn Exchange. When a youth enters the

rows were yellow (or red), and that men's arms grew out of their necks!"

WHIMSICAL M.P.

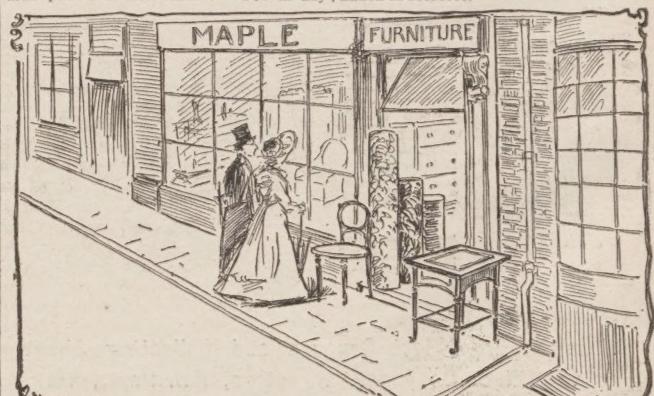
Wishes to be Banished from the "Dullest Place on Earth."

Mr. George Harwood, M.P., is a whimsical politician. He hopes his Bolton constituency will "kick him out"—to use his own vigorous phrase—at the next election. He will give £500, he states, towards the expenses of another candidate, and will be extremely grateful to the electors for his own defeat.

Mr. Harwood's reasons for this Gilbertian attitude are explained in his speech at Salford:

"He could not conceive why any man wanted to become a member. The House of Commons was the dullest place in the world. He had been a barrister, a parson, a reviewer, a writer, and had made his living as a cotton spinner, but he had never been in any life so dull as life in the House of Commons. He had never asked a man to vote for him, and never would."

Mr. Harwood, who for some time was a curate in Manchester, every year takes a trip to some remote part of the world. He has been in the Khyber Pass, has fraternised with heathen chiefs, and narrowly escaped assassination in Morocco.



The little shop in Tottenham Court Road in which Sir Blundell Maple commenced his business career.

Great Bridge Contest: £150 offered.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

In accordance with the suggestions of many correspondents, who have thought that our Tournament might be made more attractive to beginners by the addition of subordinate prizes, the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* have now decided to increase the sum given away by distributing a further

FIFTY POUNDS

in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful candidates. The total sum added as a free gift to the entrance fees is now

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

placing the competition on even a more popular basis than before.

To-day we print for the first time our **SIXTH COUPON**.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure the *Daily Mirror* of Nov. 20th and 23rd (which contain the five previous coupons), and send all the six in together, *carefully observing the instructions which follow*. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 5, have now to forward the coupon on this page. Other coupons will be issued in due course.

♦ THE CASH PRIZES. ♦

All the entrance-fees will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

♦ ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS. ♦

One Hundred Pounds of this and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into a lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitors who send in the best sets of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided. The remaining **FIFTY POUNDS** will be distributed in Consolation Prizes.

◊ NO LONG WAITING. ◊

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

♦ THE RULES. ♦

- Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, and the nom de guerre or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee

payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

- The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

- The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "Daily Mirror Bridge Tournament." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given,

but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of deals dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.



REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COLONIAL.—We have no idea how many equally correct answers we are likely to receive. Miss B. (Hatfield).—Your assumption is quite correct. H. M. S. (Dover).—It is not obligatory. You need not be afraid of the eventuality you suggest. LEONKA.—The book you name would be too advanced for most of our solvers. The brief compendium we printed will be all that you will need. Mrs. R. (Runcorn).—The P.O. was duly received. CHICANE.—In Whist, the signal used to mean calling for trumps, but it is different in Bridge. Mrs. G. (Dublin).—If you post promptly there will be time for your last coupon to arrive.

* * * A large number of other replies are unavoidably held over.

Score: A: B, 8; Y Z, love. Z deals and leaves it. Y (Dummy) declares No-trumps. A leads ♣4. Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make Y to win extra tricks, but to get the maximum score by play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
Address..... or Initials

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'S

"TATCHO"

Prescribed by the MEDICAL PROFESSION for HAIR DISORDERS.

"To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen

who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes enclosing postage stamps) from the furthest corners of the earth) requesting me to forward them immediately my Receipt for arresting the Fall of the Hair. GREETING. KNOW ALL OF YOU—In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, "Tatcho," and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I have been compelled to increase the price of my remedy of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions, and myself."—Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, in the "Referee."



Lady Powell on "Tatcho."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.

"Lady Powell thinks 'Tatcho' has been very beneficial for falling off of hair, being almost cured and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from 'Tatcho.' It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed, as most lotions are."

"Tatcho" is prescribed by the Medical Profession for hair disorders following impaired health.

Mrs. Norman Forbes Robertson on "Tatcho."

43, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

"Tatcho" is very much appreciated. I have used it for some time, and have found it most beneficial, and have had pleasure in communicating the results.

Mrs. NORMAN FORBES ROBERTSON:

"Tatcho" has completely revolutionized all former ineffective methods of hair treatment.

Lady Sykes on "Tatcho."

Mayfair, W.

"Tatcho" has entirely renovated my hair.

LADY SYKES:

"Tatcho" is a brilliant astringent tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease.

Major-General Keate on "Tatcho."

High Cross, Winchester.

"I find 'Tatcho' excellent and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life, devoted partially to keeping my hair on."

ED. KEATE.

"What do you think of it?"

Have you tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa just before retiring? Do you ever take a cup in the forenoon when you feel you need a light nourishment?

When the ubiquitous "cup of tea" palls on the appetite, have you ever tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa instead?

What do you think of it?

Rowntree's ELECT COCOA

Write for Free Elect Coupons and Collecting Sheet to "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, M.I. Dept., York.

"Tatcho" must not be confounded with what are commonly known as simple dressings "for the hair." "TATCHO" IS FOR THE LACK OF HAIR. "Tatcho" is a powerful stimulant, forcing fresh growth and entirely banishing that dead and dingy look. "Tatcho" will ward off the approach of greyness. "Tatcho" is odourless, and is NEITHER GREASY NOR STICKY.

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.



MUFFS.

THEIR EVOLUTION AND VARIOUS USES.

Men have so much the best of it with regard to comfort in their clothes that it is with real pleasure we discover that the delightful adjunct of winter dress, the muff, we have filched entirely from them.

When long-suffering woman compares her pocketless condition with that of the be-pocketed man, for instance, she needs consolation; when she looks upon her mud-spattered skirts she wants comfort. No matter. Let the man keep his pockets and walk untrammelled by skirts; we have stolen the muff from him and mean to keep it.

A Mannish Affectation.

It was in the reign of Charles II., when perhaps men were most foppish and effeminate, that muffs were constantly used by them in England. The fashion had been introduced from France. Muffs are still occasionally used by men abroad. There is a photograph of the German Emperor in hunting costume which shows a fur muff on his arm.

The earliest illustration of a muff that we have seen is in an engraving by Gaspar Rutz of an English lady of quality in 1688; she has a small muff pendant on her chain.

These early examples were made of satin and velvet, just as they are now, and were generally lined with fur. Hollar's delightful fashion plates in the time of Charles I. show several different kinds. One made of the complete skin of the animal, apparently a fox, is used with tail hanging downwards. Another is of the flat grannie shape, which would be described as the latest novelty in Paris at the present day, and has a ribbon tied round the middle. A gentleman in the winter dress of 1688 also has a ribbon round his muff, by which it is suspended round his neck.

During the great frost of 1683-4, when a fair was held on the Thames, a barrister was spoken of as:—

"A spark of the Bar with his cane and his muff."

A Vogue to be Revived.

The fashion in muffs seems to have always been well defined. In the first years of the eighteenth century leopard-skin muffs were the mode; a decade later their size was much diminished. Feathered muffs, like our swans-down and marabout stoles, were the vogue in the reign of George III., and in tapestry of the seventeenth century there is a muff of yellow silk edged with sable, and another of crimson with a blue ribbon bow.

A delightful fashion obtained at this time, which we think the furriers of the present day should revive. We make them a handsome present of the idea. This is the "chien manchon," or dog muff, used when it was the height of fashion to carry a tiny dog. Muffs were made expressly for this purpose, and were advertised in the "Livre des Adresses" in Paris; they were to be bought at the Demoiselle Guerins, Rue de Bac, Paris. Clever Demoiselle to exploit the novel hand-warmer! What better muff warmer than the little chow or dandie of the present day!

THE DAINTIEST FUR BOLERO IN LONDON.

Of course, this hails from Paris, and could only have been designed by "Monsieur Jean." It is, alas! a garment only for those whose purse is wide and deep and very expansive, for it is made of the finest miniver, and is altogether fascinating and unique, and, for loveliness, almost baffles description. But once seen it remains in one's mind as a dream of beauty. It has long stole fronts with revers of the softest blue velour de mouseline faced with filigree galon. The sleeves are plain at top, but cut so as to hang very full and wide like the sleeves of a surplice at the wrist. The back is cut straight across and forms a short cape over a deep shaped waistband of cream satin, which worn over a cream cloth skirt it is an altogether desirable garment, and the happy wearer will cause many frail sisters to sigh.

A Mantle with Moods.

Scarcely less fascinating is the new "manteau de voiture," which is made in seal-brown cloth lined with velvet of same colour,

Dinner & Dance Dresses.

and faced inside with a broad band of rarely beautiful galon. This mantle is cut entirely square, reaching down to the foot of the skirt, and is gathered into a yoke of much embroidered velvet, the neck and front being finished with a long, broad cravat of darkest sable. On first seeing it hanging in straight, graceful folds on an elegant figure one is reminded of wonderful skirt dancers, and, indeed, the whole joy of the wrap is that it lends itself to every idea of the wearer. She may wish to escape notice and be quietly, simply attired, in which case she will wear it falling to her feet and only catch it round her in a way that carries one back to the never-to-be-forgotten circular cloaks of many years ago. Or she can turn up the sides over each arm, thus showing the delicious softness of the velvet and the gleaming galon, and find herself transformed into a living, breathing, gracious Portia.

Spanish Grace.

Again, with a graceful sweep of one hand, she may fling one end over the other shoulder and at once give the impression of some tragic muse who, in the mysteries of a darkened

An Evening Confection.

A very chic sortie de bal which would make a particularly attractive theatre wrap is made of very pale grey cloth with a deep pelting cape trimmed with narrow gold military braid and tiny polished brass buttons, while it is fastened down the front with very large ones. The sleeves are very pretty, having the flat-shaped upper part cut in deep pointed scallops from wrist to elbow, three buttons with stimulated loops of gold braid in military fashion fastening them down to the slashed puff which commences from the shoulder and comes out very full just below the elbow.



CHARMING NEW EVENING GOWNS.

The first gown is composed of what is proving the material of the evening hour, the old-world taffetas; while the colour chosen is somewhat of an innovation for a dinner gown—a shade of dark green going by the name of osier. A full over-skirt of silk, edged with a narrow pinked ruching, opens over a petticoat of chiffon in the same hue; whilst deep flounces, closely gauged and having a considerable heading are arranged in graceful curves on the said petticoat. The very full bodice pouches over an Empire belt of green mouseline velvet, studded at the back with gold button, in which large turquoise are set. Chiffon is again responsible for the graceful draped bouffant sleeves and the full berthe, of which the three rills are edged with a row of chenille.

A second gown, lovely pale pink satin, has wide flounces of tambour lace arranged in Vandykes, and headed by a narrow band of mink fur. Lace of the same make forms the deeply pointed and very graceful berthe, and two deep flounces of it contrive most effectively to encircle the head; the berthe is edged with the fur, of which the colour is again repeated in a short skirt of medium brown velvet, finished with a shaded silken fringe, over which the full-gathered bodice is pouched.

FASHION PAINTING.

A LOVELY INDUSTRY.

THE shrinking maiden of artistic tastes who was ready "to paint flowers on anything, you know, just to make a little money," has disappeared for the moment from mortal ken; or, rather, she has been transformed by the present vogue for the painted apparel into the self-respecting citizen, the purveyor of goods of price. She is sailing on the crest of the wave, the world treating her with the deference due to success when it crowns individual effort.

A morning spent with one of these enterprising gentlewomen is recommended to the cynic—should it happen that such health-minded, self-respecting girls would permit the peevish pessimist to claim their acquaintance. If such a girl will admit him his cure is certain. (It may be assumed for courtesy sake, in this paper, that the cynic is masculine.)

ACTIVE INTRUDERS.

The fashion painter works at home—bachelor lodgings or the reversible studio, with its furniture which is everything by turns, would be useless to her. Even an ordinary house is all too small. She would want a whole crescent to herself were her family not accommodating. The very nature of her craft forces her to be ubiquitous. She must have space to spread her wares, not to dispose of them, but to dry.

So every sofa within reach is lined, swathed, to receive those filmy, diaphanous skirts of lace, of mousseline de soie, of chiffon, flower-scattered in exquisite profusion, the colours so delicate, there is no suggestion of overloading the effect. She has turned the whole place into a perfect bower, a conservatory let loose, and the intruders everywhere.

Shades of Fancy.

There are sunshades of every conceivable description, mostly ethereal, on which faint reminiscences of summer seem to have fallen from fairy fingers, like gems from the lips of the other Maid in ancient story. These she hangs from every ceiling in the house into which she can drive a hook, in a way that recalls to the baser mind the hams in an old farm kitchen. Not even the guest chamber is exempt, and in the quiet of the night her little newly-come country cousin, who still believes in ghosts, has held her breath in terror at the eerie sound, until she learns that it is only the sudden slipping of the tissue wrappings from on high that protect what she calls the "parasols" during the twelve hours' suspension necessary to their perfection. She cannot time her visit to escape them either, for the sunshades are perennial. November does not stand for fog and rain in all parts of the world, and the market of the dress-painter is wide.

Protection!

Oh for those white reveres that might have been seen a few days ago! A notion from Paris, of course, with brambles and hips and haws, warm with the beauty of autumn, destined to adorn a silver grey cloth. The design of both the coat turnover and the wide cuffs was daringly original, such as the Frenchwoman loves for the Louis XV. coat of her choice, and the lace interspersion fell over all like a morning mist. There was an evening coat, too, composed of a deep flounce of lace so lovely it might have encircled a ducal bride, its white cloth collar and cuffs bordered in an entrancing fashion with trails of wisteria over satin.

Going abroad! The sight of them would pervert a Primrose Dame to preference in any form that would keep such loveliness within the reach of Little Englanders.

But the artificer had no time for vapouring envy. She was ready to do more of them. To the vague insinuation which is all that good breeding will permit itself when wishful of inquiry as to cost, the little business woman replied blithely, "Oh, not at all dear! Scarcely as much as any of the other ornaments you purchase by the pound in Bond-street."

LINGERIE DE LUXE.

The very title is replete with fascinating significance to the fastidious woman, who immediately perceives the finest of cloth and filiest of lace, the immaculate handwork everywhere. As something of an incident, in a manner of speaking, the purchase of long-cloths to the average woman is fraught with danger, and should therefore never be approached in a casual spirit. By a process of clever dressing the most inferior shoddy—in the trade title, weaves—can be induced to take on a most desirable appearance, which is, however, quite an ephemeral affair, as the first visit to the laundress will speedily testify, when the once clear fabric becomes a rough, thick concoction.

A particular offender in this respect is a quality known as Indian longcloth, a specialty of the great firm of Horrocks, whose goods are as reliable as their business is old, and who steadfastly maintain a supremacy in the face of all rivals.

Their productions are entirely free from dressing, and consequently wash clear, while the wear proclaims at once the fine quality of yarn employed.



English Lace Makers AN EXHIBITION OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HANDWORK.

TO-DAY everyone who is interested in the hand-made lace of Buckinghamshire and the adjoining counties will have an opportunity of judging of its beauty, inasmuch as an exhibition of the lace is to be held at the Women's Institute, 92, Victoria-street, London, S.W. There is no fee for admission, and the show will contain some specimens of lovely lace, some of it on loan only, some for sale. Hence those who value lace for its own sake, or are conscious of a feeling of duty towards an industry that deserves to be encouraged, will find in the exhibition much to admire and enjoy. They will also find there an excellent choice in Christmas presents.

The Aspect of Bucks Lace.

The bobbin lace of Buckinghamshire has always been celebrated for its fine clear grounds, which much resemble those of the Lille laces. Characteristic Bucks lace is worked in one piece on the pillow, the net ground or réseau being made by means of the bobbin as well as the toile or pattern.

Edgings after the Valenciennes patterns, torchon lace, and linen cutwork, after the antique Greek patterns, are also made by the workers in Buckinghamshire under the direction and tuition of various ladies interested in the industry; but though these are laces made in Buckinghamshire they are not typical Buckinghamshire laces.

The pillow used is a rounder one than that which serves to support the prickings and bobbins in Devonshire or in the hands of the workers of the Pelistrina laces in Italy or at Chioggia, and the bobbins, or small wooden reels, also vary slightly, those of Buckinghamshire being small, from 4*½* to 5 inches in length and less in thickness than a cedar pencil. They are usually weighted slightly at the end with brightly-coloured beads, which give the "pull" to the thread necessary for the taut and even work which is so desirable.

How the Industry is Supported.

The fact that Buckinghamshire lace-making is again taught in the schools of the county is a hopeful development largely due to the efforts of the ladies of the committee of the North Bucks Lace Association. It is essential for the lace workers to begin young that their fingers may be trained to the complicated movements required for throwing the bobbins skilfully.

After learning well and thoroughly as children, lace-making is never forgotten, and though no work is done sometimes for years, the woman may return to the industry of her early girlhood, when she has a house of her own, and make creditable lace, just as she did in her youth.

The advantage to every woman of a means of livelihood at her finger tips needs no pointing out, and the fact that the lace-making mother may earn money by her own fireside while superintending her children, and keeping an eye on her household generally, is also self-evident.

Not only are narrow lace edgings made in Buckinghamshire by the cottage workers, but wide widths suitable for Court and evening dresses are to be obtained. The old designs are in numbers of instances extremely fine.

Collars, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other specially constructed and shaped trimmings can be made by the workers with complete success.

CHARMS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

AMULETS, talismans, and mascots of all kinds are more fashionable now than they ever were, which seems to prove that as the world advances not only women but men as well attach more and more importance to what our ancestors would have termed foolish superstition. The modern girl is decidedly versed in talismanic lore, and though some frivolous fair ones wear jewelled cows and pigs, and lizards, shamrocks, and bells impartially, the really smart young woman is learned in fetishism and chooses her mascots more fastidiously.

The jewel-box of the fashionable woman carries an endless array of charms and amulets, the meanings of which are known to herself and perhaps one other, but from which it would be harder to part her than from her diamonds and rubies. For general mascot purposes a white elephant is about as satisfactory a choice as any. There is nothing exclusive about him; like the rain, he patronises both the just and the unjust, and is a terror to evil spirits of all sorts and varieties. In the Far East he is worn in all sizes and materials, and the more white elephants one can introduce into household decoration the surer one is of obtaining domestic felicity.

The four-leaved clover in silver, gold, or as a crystal locket with a tiny gold rim make a pretty pendant, but it seems that four-leaved clover loses all its efficacy when it leaves the hands that gathered it, and, indeed, it is said that no charm of a green colour should be worn, as it is just as likely that it will bring misfortune in its train as luck. But there is an amulet which even if it is green most of us would probably risk the chance of misfortune to possess. It is a green jasper, cut in the form of a dragon, and surrounded with rays. This is no modern dragon; the Egyptian king who owned it lived and died six hundred years before the Christian era. As for green being unlucky, does not the Chinaman place faith in his jade and the modern New Zealander in his native green-stone?

The left hind foot of a rabbit caught in a graveyard at the dead of night by one who was the seventh son of a seventh son is supposed to ward off any possible evil from the wearer thereof; but no other rabbit's foot is worth pocket room.

A pig, too, is fairly successful as a talisman, and in Italy a frog cut in amber or in cornelian, or in any stone, or simply made of gold has always been held to be most efficacious against the Evil Eye. Made of coral and amber it doubles its virtues, for both of these substances have an influence in whatsoever shape they may be. The familiar silver rattle with bells and a stick of coral which women hang round their babies' necks has its origin in the belief that regarded coral as an amulet against fascination.

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SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 70.—OMELETTE AUX FINES HERBES.

INGREDIENTS.—Three or more eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonsfuls of finely chopped parsley, a few sprigs of finely chopped tarragon and chervil, one teaspoonful of finely chopped shallot, one ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of cream.

Break the eggs into a basin, add to them the cream, pepper, and salt, and whisk well. Then add the other ingredients. Melt the butter in the omelet pan, clarify it, and when it is quite hot pour in the mixture, and stir it round well with a spoon. When the mixture is beginning to set tip the pan up towards the handle, and shape it with the spoon into an oval; then, in about ten seconds, when it has become a golden colour, roll the omelet over to the opposite side of the pan, and cook till that side is also coloured. Place the omelet on a hot dish and serve at once. The inside should be of a soft creamy consistency. If liked, the shallot may be left out of the recipe.

Cost 8d. for three portions.

No. 71.—BRITTANY SOUP.

INGREDIENTS.—Two pounds of potatoes, two pounds of leeks, three ounces of butter, one quart of water, one pint of milk, salt, pepper, and a little castor sugar, half a pint of mushrooms.

Peel and slice the potatoes. Wash the leeks and cut them into thin rounds. Melt the butter in a pan. Put in the potatoes and leeks and stir them over the fire for five minutes, then add the water, salt, and sugar, and boil them till the potatoes are soft. Next rule the soup through a wire or hair sieve. Put it back in the pan, add the milk to it, and see that it is nicely seasoned.

The mushrooms should be cut into dice and cooked till tender in a little milk and then be added to the soup.

Serve with fried bread.

Cost 1s. 6d. for six portions.

No. 72.—APRICOT TARTLETS.

INGREDIENTS.—For the pastry—Half a pound of flour. Four ounces of butter. Two yolks of eggs. One level tablespoonful of castor sugar. A pinch of salt.

Half a tin of apricots. Half a pint of the syrup of the above fruit. Half a glass of sherry or brandy. One teaspoonful of chopped pistachio nuts.

Procure some very tiny fancy tartlet tins. They should be barely an inch in circumference. Brush these inside with a little clarified butter. Next prepare the pastry. Mix together the flour and sugar, and add a pinch of salt. Rub in the butter lightly with your fingers.

Beat up the raw yolks of eggs with two teaspoonfuls of water. Add enough of this mixture to the flour to mix it stiffly. Then knead it into a smooth paste. Roll it out to about the thickness of a four-shilling-piece. Now stamp it out in rounds large enough to line the little moulds. Fit the pastry neatly into them. Put in a thin piece of paper filled with raw rice into each mould to prevent the pastry rising and blocking up the centre. Bake carefully these pastry cases in a moderate oven till they are a delicate biscuit colour.

To PREPARE THE FILLING.—Put the syrup on to heat. Add the apricots. Boil it down to about half the quantity. Add to the wine and some of the apricots cut in dice. Boil this for five minutes. When the pastry is baked remove the paper of rice and allow the cases to cool. Put a few pieces of apricot into each case. When the syrup is cool, strain it and pour a little into each tartlet. Sprinkle the tops with chopped pistachio nuts. These are extremely dainty little tartlets.

Cost 1s. 6d. for about two dozen.

To Lady Cyclists.

"HART" SKIRTS.

STOCK-TAKING.

HART & SON

will offer the remainder
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CYCLING TWEEDS
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SPECIAL The "Antonia" Ladies' Red Kid Gloves, 4 Buttons, in Black, White, Tan, or Grey, with Self Points, 1*½* per pair, 1*½* per half dozen pairs.

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Herring, Hake, Halibut.

Canadian Salmon.

Whiting, Pike, Sole.

Oysters, Lobsters, Prawns.

Shrimps.

Poultry and Game.

Pheasants, Partridges, Hares.

Quails, Snipe, Teal.

Widgeon, Wild Duck, Venison.

Plovers, Grouse.

Turkeys, Fowls, Geese.

Vegetables.

Asparagus, Artichokes, Celery.

Seakale, Scotch Kale, Spinach.

Batavia, Leeks, Tomatoes.

Sprouts, Beetroot, Cucumbers.

Salads.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples, Bananas, Cranberries.

Grapes, Mangos, Nuts.

Custard Apples.

Pears, Oranges of various kinds.

Pomegranates, Figs.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Cut Blossoms for the Table.

Ranunculus, Arbutus.

Lilac of the Valley, Mimulus.

Geraniums, Variegated Leaves.

Cult Flowers and Flowers in Pots.

Small Orange Trees, Cape Gooseberries.

Aspidistra, Crotons.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

NO. 21.—FILETS DE SOLE BALTIMORE, FOR SIX PERSONS.

By M. COSTE, Chef of the Hotel Cecil.

Take one quart of the juice of oysters and mussels, divide into two parts; in one part soak four water biscuits, and pass through a sieve, then double in two twelve fillets of sole and poach in the other part of juice after having added half-pint of Chablis, also good seasoning. After the fish is cooked take away fillets, reduce sauce by half, and mix with the other sauce, to which should be added some cream. Pass all through a sieve, and add a small piece of Isigny butter. The fillets to be served in a border round the dish. Garnish the centre of the preparation with the tails of crayfish, quenelles à la Cuillière; finish up with beurre d'Ecrevisses and small dice of fresh truffles just before serving.

Finally sprinkle fried Julienne of mushrooms over all.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, the name of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard (letters are barred), and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 26th.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

*Omelette aux fines Herbes. Game Patties. Calves Brain Fritters. Grilled Smoked Haddock. Cold Ham.

LUNCH.

*Brittany Soup. "Hot Pot." Boiled Cod's Head and Shoulders. Egg Sauce. Spatchcock. Eggs à l'Estragon. Scalloped Salsify. Chocolate Pudding. Rice and Stewed Figs. Cheese Crackers.

COLD DISHES.

Duck. Veal and Ham Pie. Galantine of Beef. T.R.A.

Muffins. Cress Sandwiches. Apricot Tarts. Gingerbread. Almond Cake.

DINNER.

Jullenne Soup. Cock-a-Liekie. Fried Smelts. Haddock Moulds.

Entrees. Quenelles of Veal. Cutlets à la Victoria.

Roast.

Ribs of Beef. Goose, with Cranberry Sauce.

Game.

Roast Plovers, Bigarade Sauce. Salmis of Game.

Vegetables.

Potato Snow. Braised Carrots.

Sweets.

Steamed Orange Pudding. Claret Jelly.

Savouries.

Devilled Sardines. Strasbourg and Olive Croutons.

Ice.

Raspberry Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.



Woman's Parliament.

YOUR DOG OR YOUR CHILD?

A "Cowardly" Practice.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Under the above heading a letter signed "Perdita" appeared in your issue of the 19th inst. I trust that you will permit me to answer it from my point of view.

To "Perdita's" question the answer is, naturally, "Neither my dog nor my child would I trust to a vivisectionist," and in my own particular case neither would I give even a dog which "had bit me" to the fanatical investigatory treatment of such a person, whether male or female.

There are three different degrees of mothers—for it is to mothers that "Perdita's" letter is addressed.

There is, first, the womanly mother, the mother who is versed in all the little preventive methods of the nursery and all the necessary duties and pleasures which make for the well-being of her household. Such a mother would ask: "Why give my dog when a penny-worth of sulphur, bought of the nearest chemist, and used as a gargle, or in the dry powder, will kill the diphtheria fungus at its first formation? Why, in the name of common sense and compassion, give my dog when this simple method will suffice?"

Then there is the second degree of mother, who would cry: "What! Give our dog to them vivisectionists! I should like to know what my 'usband' would say to me if I did! No thank you, my youngsters can get on without that sort of thing."

Then there is the mother of the third degree; the mother whose pet dog goes out driving with her while the children are left at home.

"Give my dog! how horrible! how cruel! Give somebody's if necessary, but mine! my own! What a monster!"

If "Perdita's" letter, in its want of accurate knowledge, were not so amusing it would be pitiable. She does not even know that the serum used in diphtheria cases is obtained from the horse, not from the dog.

Is "Perdita" a lover of horses? Does she suppose that the horse enjoys the pangs of diphtheria—would she have endorsed the utility of a sight which I saw one day last week?

A horse, "Perdita," on its way from one ex-

periment to another. Its head had been experimented upon, the holes were filled with absorbent wool; it could just crawl, that was all, it was so weak from pain. Perhaps even "Perdita" would have felt a slight sickness of heart, and would have asked herself—"Is this right?"

It would be more to the point if the vivisectionists would apply their energies to finding out a cure for the disease of cowardice, which the English race, in common with the Continental races, is becoming infected with, and which drives it to the torturing of dumb, helpless animals to save itself from pain; pain which is more often than not brought about by its own neglect of sanitary laws.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

November 22.

"RACHEL PENN."
(MRS. E. S. WILLARD.)

Sentiment or Hysteria?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

"Perdita's" letter, while advocating vivisection for the sake of the children, ignores absolutely the fact that many doctors do not deny that in some cases animals are not placed under a drug that renders them unconscious to pain, and in such cases, chiefly practised abroad, they do suffer suffic-

Apart, however, from the subject of vivisection, the prevailing idea now is to crush all sentiment out of the hearts of women, and call it hysteria.

So women are the means by which men slay in countless millions our beautiful songsters to adorn the more or less beautiful persons of the former.—Yours faithfully,

Wanstead.

MERCY.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Is the Bible Best?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

What is religion? The answer given by most people will be the tenets of their own particular creed or sect, often, alas! bringing narrowness, bigotry, and bitterness.

Religion surely is that teaching or training which brings the mind to know its own weakness and how best to fit mind and body to produce that which will be most helpful to the general community—in other words, helping ourselves to help others.

The Bible, especially in the hands of earn-

her as a pose. That any sensible and educated man could hold the opinions of the "Democratic Ideal" could believe in the fallacy of universal brotherhood, the commune, and the equality of race and sex, and could seriously demand the spoliation of the wealthy and the establishment of complete equality, and the disbandment of armies and navies, struck her as being, if not fatuity, something in the nature of a joke. She had heard long ago and vaguely that such opinions existed in diseased minds, and she had always associated them with Nihilists and Anarchists and dynamitards; but here was a man presumably of good birth and education, of good physique, and in the possession of all his mental faculties, a man, too, with a stake in the world, not an alien Pole or starving Italian, who was spending his life and energy in propagating these incredible theories.

"I suppose," he said, "you will be shocked if I contradict you. Now, take human life. I suppose you consider it a sacred thing? Or course you do."

"Yes," she said, and a curious chill tingled through her. Her thoughts had been suddenly arrested and diverted into other channels.

"You would not for an instant think of—well, of killing a man—eh?"

"No," she said, huskily; "of course not. Why, what an idea!"

"Nothing would persuade you to kill a man—no personal enmity, or hatred, or reasons of expediency? Of course not. And why? Because, if I am not mistaken, you consider human life to be the most sacred thing in the world. Why you should do so, I know not. It is a deep-rooted sentiment, the deepest rooted sentiment in our civilised human race. I may rob millions of poor people, I may ruin men and women defenceless women, but you won't hang me for it. I may take some seemingly worthless life and—but Mrs. Chesney, aren't you well?" He stopped abruptly, for Martia had become as white as a sheet.

"No, no, I'm all right," she said, quickly, though her voice sounded husky and broken. "Go on, please, I am very interested."

"Oh, I was only just trying to draw an example," he said, watching her a little anxiously. "I was saying, wasn't I, that you and I would, as rational human beings, consider murder immoral, indefensible."

"Yes—yes, of course."

"And yet we applaud Pelham!"

"Oh, but that is different. It is war."

"Why is it not murder? Pelham is responsible indirectly for three thousand deaths. We—you and I—if we support Pelham and pay for his work, are even more responsible. Your husband, for instance? Oh, don't look so angry; but I read in the 'Times'—a most reputable organ, despite all that its enemies may say—that at that fight last month Captain Chesney shot six hill men with his own

est but narrow-minded teachers, is hardly fitted for this. I fear, especially to the many children of the slums educated in our Board schools, it teaches little of good.

It seems curious that other moral or ethical teachings have not long ago been substituted. Some books exist—such as "The Children's Book of Moral Lessons," by F. J. Gould—fitted to be taught to children of any race or creed.

That we must not take away the old teaching without replacing it is shown in Japan, where, with all their advance, the attitude of the young generation is causing serious anxiety.—Yours truly,

L. NEWBERRY.

6, Marine-parade, Eastbourne,
November 23.

SMOKING IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

By all logical arguments persevere in your protest against smoking in theatres, and extend it to all places of public entertainment. Smoking should be rigorously excluded from the auditorium.

Not on the ground of sex or chivalry, as you put it—for chivalry and "woman's rights" are incompatible; and nowadays both sexes are smokers—but upon the reasonable grounds of health and safety, and the general comfort.

Only be patient. The woman's rights movement will settle this (and other) questions. The complete separation of the sexes is only a matter of time.—Yours respectfully,

SMOKER AT HOME.

J. W. ELVERY & Co.'s NEW RAIN-COATS.



21/-, 25/-, 30/-.

In HABITS, DRESSING and HOUSEHOLD. A Selection of Coats sent on approval on receipt of Business Reference. New Patterns and particulars by Return of Post. Motor or Staff Conduits.

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BARGAINS FOR TEN DAYS.

R. & Co. have just completed several Important Purchases of PARIS MANUFACTURERS' STOCKS, which they are offering THIS DAY, and following days, at exceptional prices.

NEW PARIS MANTLES.

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In any coloured cloth, with black or white mount, price 21/-.

MADAME VALERIE announces her return from Paris with the latest Creations in AUTUMN MILLINERY, having secured the services of Modistes from the leading Paris Houses. She has now "les derniers crânes" in Hats and Bonnets at her Showrooms, at her usual moderate prices.

SCENTED VEILS 1/- each. Great selection of FURS.

Renovations a Specialty.

Millinery on Approval upon receipt of London Trade Reference; or Deposit.

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British-made Watches have never been beaten for quality. Of course, an English Lever costs twice as much as a cheap foreign watch, but it's ten times better. On my system of trading a British Watch is placed within the reach of every British workman, and he is able to see exactly what he is buying before he purchases it. You send only 5s deposit as a guarantee of good faith, the Express English Lever, 50s, is then forwarded to you. Test and examine it, and if satisfactory complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5s. If you are not satisfied, return it, and your deposit is instantly refunded. It is fitted with first grade English Lever Movement, Capped and Jewelled, Safety Winding Pinion, Chronometer Balance, Massive Sterling Silver (Hallmarked) Cases, and warranted for seven years. No. 1 Catalogue of all classes of Watches post free. Agents wanted in spare time. Good commission. Write for terms.—J. G. Graves, 176, Division-street, Sheffield. [ADVT.]

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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Beware of old-fashioned "Re-dished" Cards.

SEE THIS DAINTY COLLECTION—COMPARE PRICES.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XXIII.

Continued.

"Of course I remember you," said Mrs. Chesney. "And how do you do, Mr. Morning—Morning, isn't it? Christian Morning! You see, I haven't forgotten you, after all, and I've read more of your dreadful Socialistic books since I saw you—the 'Democratic Ideal.' And how is your hand?"

Christian Morning laughed merrily for an answer. "I really don't know what I should have done if it had not been for you. I'm afraid I never thanked you sufficiently at the time," he said. "By the way, Mrs. Chesney, I read a very great deal about your husband in the newspapers nowadays. I suppose you are a very proud woman."

"Yes," she answered, and her eyes lighted up. "I bask in his reflected glory. But I see you don't approve of the war. I read your article in the 'Contemporary.' Are those really your opinions?"

"A few of them," he said, with a humorous twinkle in his black eyes. "I'm afraid the 'Contemporary' wouldn't publish all of them."

"You don't believe in the war, then?"

"I don't believe in any war," he said with sudden gravity. "I think we've got too old and too civilised for war. It is barbarous, medieval."

"But we can't do without it," she protested laughingly. "You can't bring Afghans into The Hague Convention."

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Chesney, that you are prejudiced. You are a soldier's wife."

"Yes, and, if I were a man, I should be a soldier."

"I am glad," he answered, "that there is no possibility of that. But don't let us discuss the ethics of killing in this lovely place. I am afraid we should never agree. You see, we regard the world from two utterly different standpoints. We regard human life from the two poles of thought."

"Do we?" She was still laughing. His conventionally advanced views amused her, and she had not yet realised that he held them seriously. At the time they appealed to

hand. Now, let me ask you what would happen, Mrs. Chesney, if he shot one man here in London?"

"Mr. Morning, I—I really don't understand. It is different; it is quite another thing. He is a soldier."

"I wish to impress my point. He is a man. Those six Indians were men. Now, what justified his action? You say War. That is to say, murder, if done by the general consent of a nation, or conglomeration of human beings, for some common purpose, is not murder—eh? It is merely killing! Well, I say it is an illogical conclusion, an immoral conclusion.

Either human life is sacred, and he who takes it is a murderer, or the sacredness of human life is merely determined by circumstances, and, therefore, to carry the argument to its conclusion, circumstances may justify personal killing—eh? And there you indignantly refute my statement. So, you see, we shouldn't agree at all, should we, Mrs. Chesney? And are you sure I am not keeping you in the sun?"

"If you are not in a hurry," she said, "you might walk with me to the hotel."

"One is never in a hurry in Mentone," he laughed. "Where are you staying?"

"At the Hotel de Paris. And you?"

"I am visiting my mother. She has a little villa here."

"How very nice! But surely you ought not to waste time in these pleasure haunts," she laughed, "with your creed—"

"I am very busy," he said, defensively, "writing, you know, and then—well, I have never yet told you that I practise all I preach. I am mortal, and I worship the sun. I have just been for a walk up to Grimaldi. I may think the view from there to the west is the most lovely I have ever seen. Don't you?"

They had reached the garden of the hotel. "Won't you come in?" she said, as he hesitated. "You will find a friend of yours here, I think. Did you not tell me on our historic railway journey that you knew Claudia Waynefleet?"

Christian Morning started.

"Lady Claudia Waynefleet," he exclaimed.

"Is she here?"

"Yes. The whole family is here. You know Jacqueline, I suppose, and Lady Dexter?"

"Yes," he said, faintly. "But I did not know, I—"

"And Lord Clowes is staying here, too. And your friend, Colonel Joscelyn, is at Monte Carlo."

"I know; but—"

"Why, Mr. Morning, you look quite distressed," laughed Martia. "But here is Claudia herself! Isn't she beautiful?"

Claudia Waynefleet approached them. She had seen them from the garden, and came to meet them. She was dressed in a smart white cloth tailor-made coat and skirt that revealed

Continued on Page 14

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements appear on this page, the next, also on Page 16.

**Advertisements of
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BUTLER (experienced), disengaged; age 37; 25s. weekly; good references; temporary post only.—S. 18, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER-VALET; disengaged; age 24; £26-£30; German.—S. 14, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER-VALET; age 24; £26-£30; disengaged now.—Einrauch, 43, Howland-street, W.C.

COACHMAN (experienced); age 27; 25s.-30s.; excellent references.—S. 30, Bridgeman-street, W.

GARDENER'S place or other outdoor work in country.—Lyon, The Manor House, Limpfield.

HALL PORTER, age 31; 18s. weekly; disengaged.—Write J. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LIFTMAN, disengaged, aged 29; 14s. weekly.—Write J. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.

COOK (good); disengaged; age 36; £40.—Write J. 22, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (plain); age 25; £25-£30; Irish, R.C.—Write J. 16, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK (good) wants temporary place; 10s-12s. C. weekly; good references.—S. 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK; £25 wages; reference good.—T. 9, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK (good); disengaged; age 26; £28-£30. N. H. 22, Shire-road, South Hackney.

COOK, capable, experienced in farm and dairy work; age 36; single woman; country preferred; good references; please state particulars and wages.—S. 15, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL, age 22; £24.—Write J. 25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER and young House parlour maid; disengaged; £26 and £18.

Bosanko, 11, Holly-road, Chiswick.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER, age 45; £30.—Write J. 26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

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GOVERNESS; disengaged; English; recommended by Lady H.; with her 31 years; thorough English; experienced; languages (Paris, Berlin); music daily or resident; also Holiday Post.—G. B. 12, Bute-street, S.W.

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SITUATIONS WANTED.

General Servants.

USEFUL HELP, disengaged; age 36; £20-25.—Write J. 14, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL MAID, age 31; £24.—Write J. 21, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Housekeepers.

A HOUSEKEEPER seeks situation as working housekeeper or useful help; thoroughly reliable; good manager; excellent references.—S. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A HOUSEKEEPER (lady); highest references; good family; competent to take full control; age 30.—Mrs. Rad, Cambridge.

A HOUSEKEEPER or Useful Companion; £45; £20-25; good references.—H. S. 2, Viner-villas, St. John's Wood, N.W.

SITUATION required.—Advertiser requires position as Housekeeper or charge of invalid, or any position of trust in England; age 42; good character; references; personal property, etc., can be given.—Reply to S. R. B. of Willing's Advertising Offices, 162, Piccadilly, W.

WORKING HOUSEKEEPER, age 40; £26.—Write J. 20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.

COOK; £22; Housemaid, £16; paying guests received; South Croydon.—S. 345, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK wanted at once; £25-£30.—Mrs. Lear, 26, Nightingale-place, Woolwich.

HOUSEMAID, for hotel, disengaged.—Write J. 17, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID, age 26; £18; season references.—Write J. 24, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SCULLERY-MAID disengaged; hotel or club; £24-£26.—Write J. 19, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

UNDERHOUSEMAID or Kitchenmaid; age 20; £4 years' reference; disengaged December 3.—S. 2, B. 3, St. Mary's-street, Wandsworth, Kennington, S.E.

3257

Parlourmaids.

PARLOURMAID (experienced); town preferred; £28-Turner, 7, Come-road, Twickenham.

PARLOURMAID, General, or Cook; daily work—K. 31, Delancey-terrace, Paddington Green.

2195

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EXPERIENCED lady requires Companion-ship, or Housekeeper; good salary.—Miss Porter, Brook, Winchfield.

3258

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YOUNG lady's or children's maid; engaged; £16-18; town.—Minter, 135, Chobham-road, Stratford, Essex.

3225

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3271

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SEWINGMAID (experienced); good worker; dressmaking; any work.—Francis, 249, Haydon's-road, Wimbledon.

3229

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cooks.

COOK; £22; Housemaid, £16; paying guests received; South Croydon.—S. 345, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

2186

COOK (experienced) for officers' mess; £22-£26.—Mrs. Lambie, 18, Thurlow-road, Hampstead.

3228

COOK (good plain) wanted for small family; housemaid and household help; before 12 or after 8 a.m., Mrs. Thomson, 23, Carlton-hill, N.W.

3234

COOK (experienced) wanted, at once; small family; £28-£30.—Mrs. Symons, 16, Edson-road, W.

3236

COOK (experienced) for officers' mess; £20.—S. 18, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

3239

COOK (good plain) wanted; age 25; wages £25-£30.—Mrs. Weston, 1, Linden Lodge School, Bolingbroke-grove, Wandsorth Common.

2199

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Continued from Page 13.

the lines or her beautiful figure to perfection. She wore a pretty hat of shades of dark green and peacock blue, a dash of startling colour in contrast with the severe simplicity of her dress. She had bought the hat in Nice a day or two ago, as a concession to her conscience and Lord Clowes, for it was the only time she had spent anything upon herself with his handsome present, save and except the expenses of the journey. Jacqueline and her mother had required so many more things than she; and, after all, it gave her a certain satisfaction to think that the money—the price of her pride—did not go to adorn herself. It did not seem quite so degrading.

"How do you do, Mr. Morning," she exclaimed, as Martia thought a little excitedly, giving him her hand. "I had no idea you were here. I'm so pleased to see you. Are you plotting some fearful revolution—eh? Or have you only designs on the Bank at Monte Carlo? Mrs. Chesney and I are going over there this afternoon. We intend to plunge most desperately, don't we, Martia? We've heard of a system. A friend of Jacqueline's has been working it out with the Gazette Rose. Now, of course, you are shocked. What a terrible man you are, to be sure! One can hardly say half a dozen words without shocking you. But I did not know you knew Mr. Morning, Martia?"

"We met in a railway train," said Christian Morning. "And Mrs. Chesney performed a very skilful operation upon me. If she did not actually save my life, she saved me from a great deal of pain."

"And now," interrupted Martia, "we are quite old friends, aren't we? He has just been giving me a very terrible disillusion on war. He thinks Philip a murderer—a six-fold murderer."

"Oh, Mr. Morning! How can you?"

"Really, Mrs. Chesney, you are not quite just to me," protested the man, half laughing, half serious.

"Nobody could be just to you, most persecuted and martyred of reformers," said Claudia. "The world is banded together to grind you down and heap injustice and calumny upon you. Oh, I know exactly what you think."

"Claudia! Now you are making fun of me, Lady Claudia!"

"And ridicule is the one thing a reformer cannot stand; isn't that so, Mr. Morning?" Martia held out her hand. "Good-bye, I see my father-in-law beckoning to me. We shall meet again soon, I hope, and then you shall deliver another lecture. I'm quite open to conversion, you know; only I must be convinced."

"Logically and sentimentally," put in Claudia, slyly. "And please do not perpetrate the remark I see hovering on your lips, Mr. Morning, about a man convinced against his will—and so on."

"I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing for her," he protested. He bent over Martia's hand. "Au revoir," he said. "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to have renewed our brief acquaintance. Forgive me if I have said anything that appears to you rude or unkind. It was not with intent."

"Nonsense," laughed Martia. "You've been most amusing. Au revoir." And she ran lightly up the gravel crescent to the blue and white hotel, that looked in the dazzling morning sun like a stage set under limelight.

Claudia and Christian Morning stood together looking after her, and neither spoke a word until she had disappeared from sight; then the girl turned to the man.

"Well," she said, "and what do you mean by coming to Mentone?"

"I? I did not know you were here," he said, bluntly.

"I see. So, if you had, you would not have come?"

"Yes." He jerked the monosyllable out grimly.

"You are very flattering."

"That is what you always say when I speak the truth. I only heard from Mrs. Chesney a few minutes ago that you were all down here. I thought you were at the 'Firs.'"

"Yes, and that is where we ought to be, I suppose?" she answered, a little bitterly. "And should be but for—well, that has nothing to do with you." She broke off in a laugh.

"Come," she said, "take me for a walk and talk to me. I've got what Jacqueline would call the hump—a most unattractive, but most expressive word. Do you ever have the hump, Mr. Morning?"

"Sometimes," he smiled. "It is by no means confined to the higher classes of the community. How is Miss Stern, by the way? And Lady Dexter?"

Claudia shrugged her shoulders. "I'm sure I don't know. They are generally quite well; but don't let's talk of them. Where shall we go? I want a walk. But perhaps you're busy—I forgot."

"No, no," he hastened to say. "I am doing nothing."

"And consequently can afford to give me a few minutes of your time?"

The man frowned, and when he frowned he looked much older and very severe. "Would you like me to tell you that I had a most important engagement, and that it break it fully for your sake?"

"It would, at any rate, have the virtue of being untrue," she said. "You are so horribly matter of fact, so direct, so stolid. I am sure you are a Scotsman!"

You evidently want to quarrel," he said, his stern look relaxing and giving way to an amused smile. "That would not have the virtue of originality, would it? I don't believe we have ever spoken five minutes together without going it hammer and tongs. It's

really quite comic. But let's be original to-day. You can't tell how pleased I am to see you, Claud—Lady Claudia."

"You looked as if you wished the earth would swallow you up," she said, "when I first saw you."

"I did then; but, after all, what does it matter? Shall we go up to the cemetery?" he suggested. They had instinctively commenced to climb the winding hill at the back of the hotel.

"Yes. It is an appropriate place—and the view is very fine." She laughed mirthlessly.

"What is the matter with you, Claudia?" he asked, abruptly, stopping and facing her.

"The matter? With me? Oh, I'm all right. There's nothing the matter, only—only, well, I'm not very pleased with things, that's all. Oh, I can't tell you."

"You aren't happy," he said, quietly.

"My God, I wish you'd trust me and tell me, not play this game of foolish banter. I am not blind."

"You're as blind as a bat, my dear Christian," she cried; "and if you are going to be tragic and reminiscent and all that sort of thing, perhaps we'd better go back. We aren't going to the cemetery to bury anything now—we buried all we had a long time ago, didn't we? And I thought I could trust you. I did—oh, what am I saying? I don't know."

She strode on swiftly, with a long stride and easy, graceful gait. The man found that he had all his work to keep up with her.

"Claudia," he said, "is it worth it?"

"Don't call me Claudia," she retorted testily.

"But you called me Christian."

"It was a slip of the tongue—a foolish slip, and quite unpardonable. It is no excuse for you."

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "I forgot. The old times seemed very near just then."

"There you are again. Old times! Why will you be reminiscent? Can't you talk to me about old-age pensions, or the education of pauper lunatics, or some other punitively interesting social question? Please, oh, please, Mr. Morning, do not become personal. I can't stand it. I—oh, I am very, very miserable." Her voice trailed off into something that sounded very like a sob.

The man ground his teeth hard and strode on.

It was none of his seeking, this meeting, this conversation. A few minutes ago the last person in the world he would have expected to meet was Claudia Waynefleet. He would have done a great deal to avoid that meeting. And when he met her, he would have parted again, after a few words of conventional conversation. They were strangers—more than strangers, because they had been something else and were no longer; there

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK (good); lady preferred; £22; for Billericay, country.—Mrs. Fraser, Downham Grange, Billericay.

3255

COOK (good plain); £18-20; for country.—S. 18, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

3262

COOK (plain) wanted, early in December; £20; seaside; small family—524, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

3264

COOK (good plain); for flat; £25-28; three in family; 4 servants kept; £20-22.—Wallace, Heronfield, Potter's Bar.

3245

COOK (good plain) wanted; £26-28; for country; 4 servants kept; £20-22.—W. 26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

3244

COOK (good plain); for flat; £25-28; three in family; 4 servants kept; £20-22.—Woodford, Borehamwood.

3240

COOK (good); lady preferred; £20-22; for country; 4 servants kept; £20-22.—Applause Wales, Woodford.

2220

COOK (good plain) wanted; £20-22; for country; three servants kept; wages £20-22.—Mrs. Maxwell De La Combe, Curragh-hill, Westerham, Kent.

3269

COOK (good plain); house-parlourmaid kept; £20-22; four in family; £20-22.—Mrs. Maxwell De La Combe, Curragh-hill, Westerham, Kent.

3268

COOK (good plain); house-parlourmaid kept; £20-22; four in family; £20-22.—Mrs. Maxwell De La Combe, Curragh-hill, Westerham, Kent.

3267

COOK (good plain) wanted; £20-22.—Mrs. Newbury, 5, Barton-road, West Dulwich.

3242

COOK (good plain); £22-25.—Mrs. Lambie, 18, Thurlow-road, Hampstead.

3223

COOK (good plain) wanted for small family; £20-22.—Mrs. Thomson, 23, Carlton-hill, N.W.

3234

COOK (experienced) wanted; £20-22.—Mrs. Symons, 16, Edson-road, W.

3236

COOK (experienced) for officers' mess; £20.—S. 18, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

3239

COOK (good plain) wanted; age 25; wages £25-£30.—Mrs. Weston, 1, Linden Lodge School, Bolingbroke-grove, Wandsorth Common.

2199

was a great barrier between them that made them strangers indeed. But she had suddenly and without a word of warning swept down the barrier, and they were as they had been again—Christian and Claudia, speaking with their souls and caring for none. But it was a great mistake. The man realised the impossibility of the position. It was only a passing phase. He was outside of her life; they had drifted far apart, and the barrier had come between them; they could never come again. It was because the force of this realisation was so strongly borne in upon him that he gripped his chaotic feelings in an iron grasp and stilled the words that were hovering on his lips, saying instead:

"What a very charming woman is Mrs. Chesney."

The girl gave him a swift, furtive glance. She understood what he meant, and she would like to have taken the means of escape he offered her; but somehow just then she did not want to escape. She had been so very much alone of late, and he had, despite herself and circumstances, occupied a very large place in her thoughts.

They walked on in silence. The hill was steep and turned and twisted tortuously. Between them lay the patchwork jumble of the old town, jutting out into the sea. It was a perfect day—one of those clear, cloudless days when the tramontana blows. The colour was startling. Objects five miles distant—nay, ten or twenty—were as stereoscopically clear as those a few yards away. The sea and sky met in a hard contrast, and over the skyline the two funnels of a great liner stood out in sharp silhouette. The picture was like a brilliant to nature.

"We ought to see Corsica this afternoon," said the man, after a long pause, for she ignored his remark concerning Mrs. Chesney. "It is wonderfully clear."

"I don't care for these chocolate-box sort of days," she said, crossly. "There is no atmosphere. It is too—oh, too bright! But I wish you wouldn't be so artificial. You are only making conversation."

"It is better than funeral silence," he said, laughingly; "but, of course, if you prefer it."

"Don't be foolish! You know what I mean well enough. I think we'd better go back." She stopped suddenly. They had emerged on to the fine carriage road that encircles the East Bay—the Promenade de Garavan.

"Why?" he asked. "We have only just started. Let us, at any rate, go on to the cemetery."

"No, I think I'd rather go back. I ought not to have come. We are being very foolish."

"I am conscious of behaving with most ponderous respectability," he said. "We were discussing the weather, I think. Surely there is nothing frivolous in—"

To be Continued To-morrow.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).**SITUATIONS VACANT.**

COOK (plain) and House-parlourmaid; £13-
£20; for country and Brighton; two in
family.—Shipston Oliffe Rectory, Cheltenham.
2218

COOK wanted; five in family; four servants
and maid; £15. Maid's Vale; between
5, 6, 30-7, 30. 2186

COOK, house-parlourmaid, and housemaid, by
Des. 9.—Mrs. D., 26, Gordon-street. 2180

COOK-GENERAL; two in family; £18;
house-parlourmaid kept.—Delman, Fleet-
ing, Sussex. 2187

COOK-GENERAL wanted; (good); for London;
another maid kept; two in family; com-
fortable situation; personal character essential;
£31. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. W.
3240

COOK-GENERAL wanted; wages £18.—Fan-
wick, 67, Marloe-road, Kensington. 2306

COOK-GENERAL (good) aged 25; house-
parlourmaid kept; two in family; wages
£24; good personal reference.—Address, J.A.P.
342, Clapham-road, S.W. 3207

COOK-GENERAL wanted, and house-par-
lourmaid; comfortable situation.—Apply
Bevan, Sidcup. 2172

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER for widower; servant
kept.—Shoeburgh, 1, Canbury-park. 2197

COOK-GENERAL wanted; age thirty
to forty; one in family;—"Daily Mirror"
45, New Bond-street. W. 3216

COOK-GENERAL; four in family; house-
parlourmaid and nurse kept.—Apply, Mrs.
Balfe, Summerland, Bythesea-road, Bromley
Kents. 3212

COOK-GENERAL required; nurse, house-
parlourmaid kept; £20.—The Turret,
Dartmouth-road, Brondesbury. 3207

COOK-GENERAL (good) and House-Parlour-
maid required; immediately for private nursing home;
excellent characters essential; ages not under 25;
wages £20 to £25.—Address letters in first
place to Mrs. D., "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W. 3200

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted at once.—
18, Hilliard-road, Balham, S.W. 3219

COOK-GENERAL wanted December 10, for
family near Streatham; wages £18-£20; for
house-parlourmaid kept.—W.H. 25, "Daily
Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3215

COOK-GENERAL (good) and House-Parlour-
maid required for two in family; quiet,
comfortable situation.—Write Mrs. K., Keen,
High Park, Whetstone. N. 2215

COOK-GENERAL wanted; small family; two
other maids kept.—21, Sprowton-road.
2219

COOK-GENERAL, also House-Parlourmaid
wanted; good wages.—Apply 51, Holland-
road, Kensington.

COOK-GENERAL and to wait at table; two
in family (Forshaw-road).—S. 23, "Daily
Mirror," 45, New Mond-street. W. 3275

COOK-GENERAL required at once, near
Hampstead; £20; good personal re-
ference; 25 to 40; wages £18 to £20; man
kept; comfortable home.—Write S. 21,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3206

COOK-GENERAL (age about 31) wanted;
nurse kept; start wages £10; experience
3, St. Stephen's road West, West Ealing. 3207

COOK-GENERAL and housemaid wanted;
ages about 25; good personal re-
ference; £20 to 25; wages £18 to £20; man
kept; comfortable home.—Write S. 21,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3206

COOK-GENERAL (age about 31) wanted;
nurse kept; start wages £10; experience
3, St. Stephen's road West, West Ealing. 3207

COOK-GENERAL and housemaid wanted;
ages about 25; good personal re-
ference; £20 to 25; wages £18 to £20; man
kept; comfortable home.—Write S. 21,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3206

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER for widower; ser-
vant kept.—Shoeburgh, 1, Canbury-park. 2197

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER (good) wanted; ser-
vant kept.—West Ealing. 3229

COOK-GENERAL required at once, near
Hampstead; £20; good personal re-
ference; 25 to 40; wages £18 to £20; man
kept; comfortable home.—Write S. 21,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3206

COOK-GENERAL and housemaid wanted;
ages about 25; good personal re-
ference; £20 to 25; wages £18 to £20; man
kept; comfortable home.—Write S. 21,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 3206

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted; £20; good
personal reference; £20 to 25; wages £18 to
£20; £25.—David, 6, Airdale-road, Chiswick. 3203

COOK-GENERAL wanted; foreigner preferred;
good wages.—S. 12, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
Bond-street. 3227

COOK-GENERAL (good); no cooking; country girl
preferred.—B., 1, Burlington-gardens, Acton.
3229

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted for January; £18.
row.—Mrs. Newcome, 6, Sheepcot-road, Har-
row. 2196

COOK-GENERAL (good) wanted at once; all
found; £12-8-. 357, Oxford-street. 2176

COOK-GENERAL wanted at once; all
cooking; £10; total abstainer.—C. C., Re-
ad-court, South Kensington. 2206

COOK-GENERAL about 17; three in family.—
Sherborne-gardens, West Ealing. 2200

COOK-SERVANT wanted; at once; if
possible; age 20-25; wages £18-£20; can-
not have some good living; must be reliable
and have references; plain cooking; small
house; £10. 216, Lyndhurst, Calton-road,
North Dulwich, S.E. 3201

COOK-GENERAL wanted; young girl (17-18); intel-
ligent, willing, clean, respectable; two
years' nursing experience; £10-12; James-
Street-mansions, 36, Brixton. 3219

COOK-GENERAL wanted; small house; family two;
good wages £14 to £16; £20, 25, 30, 32, Har-
row. 2196

COOK-GENERAL wanted; small house; family two;
good wages £14 to £16; £20, 25, 30, 32, Har-
row. 2196

COOK-GENERAL wanted; plain cooking; about
£12; very useful maid; to assist, about
£12; personal; between 5 and 7. 2200

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"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).**DAILY BARGAINS.**

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

DRESS.

A BEAUTIFUL Lady's Handkerchief free; postage penny; with illustrated list and samples.—British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

A CORDION pleated evening Robe; perfectly new; one black, one ivory; one guinea.—Wright 357, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY demi-tulle Bouse, pale pink—Lorraine silk; sleeves and vest crinkled chiffon; very dainty; medium figure; £2 12s.—Z. 1231, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL lady's Irish cambric Handkerchief is sent free as an advertisement to every reader of "The Daily Mirror." It is a fine piece; latest collections of silks, handkerchiefs, Deny's 1904 Blouse Flannelles at 9d. each; send address to "The Daily Mirror," Drapery Store, Dept. D, 210, 235, Craven-street, Strand, London, W.C.

A DAINTY red Shantung silk Gown, skirt trimmed frills and pied yoke; bodice and sleeves piped and trimmed lovely lace applique; £2 12s.—Z. 1235, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY rich ivy satin Evening Gown, trimm'd chiffon and silk fringe; quite fresh; £2 42s.—£4 5s.—Z. 1265, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant old-rose Theatre Coat, lined white silk; large bell collar; real lace trimmings; £2 12s.—Z. 1221, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A RICH crimson fringe gown; trimm'd black astrakhan; lined silk; 30s.—Z. 1115, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHIFFON Coat, white satin, with cape collar, tucked white chiffon, trimm'd Irish lace; 35s.—Z. 1151, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A PAIR of new blue satin Shoes, beautifully embroidered; size 5; 7s. 6d.; cost £1 1s.—Z. 1190, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A PAIR of smart walking Shoes in fine lace, Louis heels, size 3; best make; 10s.—Z. 1210, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A RICH claret red zibeline Gown; handsomely trimm'd; velvet to match; in battement style; with lovely cap collar; embroidered Original Edge; £2 12s.—Z. 1239, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A SERVICABLE grey, homespun Dress, trimm'd deep tucks, and black silk; 20s.—Z. 1157, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BABY'S complete Outfit, 62 articles; 25s. 6d.; Empire robe, day dress, sailor suit, etc.—Eva 99, Union-road, Clapham. 3281

A BEAUTIFUL black silk Jacket, cloth applied; lined white; size 20s.—Z. 1232, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL Venetian faced-cloth Coat and Skirt Costume, pleated skirt, semi-fitting coat, with leather buttons; very little worn; 24s.—Z. 1232, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK brooch silk Dress (suit elderly lady); high neck, with rich sequins and chiffon trimmings; £2 12s.—Z. 1220, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK satin gown (silk back), with transparent transparence yellow black lace; size figure; £2 10s.—Z. 1174, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK satin skirt shirt over black glass frills; £2 12s.—Z. 1154, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK accordion-plated peau de soie blouse; size 10s.—Z. 1174, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK voile skirt over black glass, trimm'd narrow velvet ribbon; length 42in.; £1 5s.—Z. 1182, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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A BLUE for necklet and muff, little worn, cost £5, for £2 15s.—Z. 1181, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING dressing-gown, in fine cashmere; cross-over style; fronts trimm'd broad band; back, wide sash; with pocket; prettily effect; £1 10s.—Z. 1225, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Gown, Directoire effect, in pale brown, with pale lemon silk embroidered east and west collar; size 15s.—Z. 1141, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Model (Woolly) Champagne sack from shoulders caught at waist and long fringed ends; £2 7s.—Z. 1227, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING white silk party frock; frilled front and pretty belle bodice; suit girl of 16; £2 10s.—Z. 1179, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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CREME silk Blouse; charming style; quite new; trimm'd heavy lace; worth 20s., will sell for £2 12s.—Write 369, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. 2218

DAINTY Ball Dress of pale pink silk, with white lace; size 15s.—Z. 1182, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY evening gown in can-de-ni Lilac satin, with hand-painted chiffon and silk trimmings; slight figure; £2 10s.—Z. 1198, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY white silk theatre blouse; trimm'd motifs; good quality; with silk coming in tassels; lovely collar with long ends; £2 15s.—Z. 1243, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK COAT and skirt, suitable for short, wide hips; size 15s.—Z. 1213, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK GREY voile skirt and Russian coat; lined silk; scarcely worn; 20s.—Z. 1155, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DELIGHTFUL Fancy Dress (Court Lady of George III.), with pretty quilted satin petticoat and fancy bodice; suit slight, slim figure; £2 12s.—Z. 1234, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK COAT and skirt, suitable for short, wide hips; size 15s.—Z. 1213, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ADY'S handsome astrakhan Collarlette, with pocket and muff; size 15s.—Z. 1213, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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A DELIGHTFUL Winter Costume, in red and green cloth; trimm'd with woolen passementerie; a long shawl collar; overcoat; size 15s.—Z. 1244, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A DELIGHTFUL Empire Gown (model); ivory Oriental satin, with deep cap collar of satin; lace; full; lace; size 15s.—Z. 1223, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELEGANT biscuit voile demi-toilette, trimm'd chiffon and lace applique; £1 10s.—Z. 1198, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELEGANT royal blue silk crepe de Chine gown, with lace; size 15s.—Z. 1194, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELEGANT white Cloth Gown, with Eton bodice and tiny vest of pink velvet; embroidered silver; edged real lace (model); £4 4s.—Z. 1221, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELEGANT Empire Theatre Coat, cream gold cloth; trimm'd pale blue panne, and dull gold braid; medium figure; £3 10s.—Z. 1222, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELEGANT three-quarter black silk velvet Coat, trimm'd real Maltese lace and ostrich gold braid; size 15s.—Z. 1222, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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A EXQUISITE Irish lace collar, lovely shirley Gown, with lace; size 15s.—Z. 1199, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A EXQUISITE Model in white wool batiste; trimm'd fleecy guipure; handkerchief sleeve; hemmed fine lace; same tint; neatly new; £4 15s.—Z. 1241, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A EXQUISITE white Indian silk dress, with lace collar, tucked white chiffon; beautiful trimm'd with lace; elbow sleeves; suit bright figure; £1 10s.—Z. 1122, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A EXQUISITE white lace gown over chiffon, pure white silk; trimm'd real Maltese lace; collar and chiffon; nearly new; £1 10s.—Z. 1217, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A EXQUISITE white Indian silk dress, with lace collar, tucked white chiffon; beautiful trimm'd with lace; elbow sleeves; suit bright figure; £1 10s.—Z. 1122, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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